

The Musical World.

SUBSCRIPTION:—Stamped for Postage, 20s. per annum—Payable in advance, by Cash or Post Office Order, to BOOSEY & SONS, 28, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

VOL. 33.—No. 10.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1855.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 6d.

A REVIEW OF THE HISTORY OF MUSIC BEFORE MOZART.

(Continued from page 142.)

So little did the old contrapuntists think of filling out the chord, that frequently, as we see, the four parts together present nothing but a third, a fifth, or a mere unison. Is not this harmony of the fourteenth, indeed we may say of the whole fifteenth century, much emptier and less satisfying to the ear, than the simple unisons or octaves of the natural singers.

One question presses here upon our notice, of which I presume no one will deny the interest, nor the merit of having hitherto eluded all investigation. With the knowledge which the musicians of that period possessed, or rather with that which they did not possess (for they lacked nearly all) what could they or what should they do? A new question is a sort of windfall, which no writer declines. I shall be pardoned, therefore, if I also take advantage of it.

Musical art in the fourteenth century, like a new-born, misshapen, frail and sickly child, followed a course plainly contrary to nature. It turned from the composite to the simple, from canonical counterpoint to chords, and from chords to melody. Why did it not begin with the last, which is the essential, and, moreover, the most obvious thing in music? Nature herself undertakes to teach melody; she dictates its turns and its character with an inexhaustible variety, and often with a charm of expression, according to the prosody of the language, the influences of climate, and other special relations of the physical and intellectual life of nations. The cheerful shepherd song (Villanella), the *naïve* (barcarolle), the idyllic Sicilienne (shepherd's dance), the Tyrolean song with its double voice, that sounds like an echo from the mountains, the French cradle songs, the English ballads, the Ossianic and melancholy Scotch melodies, the complaining and tender Russian melodies, and other national songs, in which is expressed the original genius of the races, nearly obliterated by our present civilization—how many happy and fruitful thoughts. What poetic treasures lie in them. Treasures, at the command of every one. What the hunter of the Alps, the herdsman of the Apennines and of Mount Ætna, the ploughman on the banks of the Volga and the Don—what these uncultivated men found, and without difficulty, men who had applied themselves especially to the study of music, should have been able to find much more easily, and without doubt much better. A little reflection will suffice to show that they could not.

From the moment that art steps into the place of nature, and methodical schooling into the place of immediate consciousness, the artist loses, irrecoverably, the capacity of instinctive inspirations; he is held to produce according to the rules which he has made for himself, for otherwise he would cease to be an artist, and retrograde towards that stand point from which it is the very end of art to lead him away. This being established, we ask how the musicians of the fourteenth century must have produced a melody in the ways known and current in their time. With music in the state of art, we have said, harmony is the substance, melody the form. Without substance there is no form, and the substance, that is, the accords, were wanting to the workmen. Their labour found its only guide and proof in the succession of the intervals, or tones, combined by two and two. Now, since the union of two

notes makes only an indefinite and ambiguous impression on the ear, since we always need a third tone, real or implied, to bring out a complete, determined, and self-founded harmony, the musicians were not able with such a method to discover the relations of the key and of modulation, which alone make melody. Their parts were set down upon paper accidentally and according to this blind mode of proceeding. That was the first hindrance, which was not of a nature to last long. By a sort of self-refining process, the progressions of the intervals produced the chord so often, that they finally gave the harmonic trinity invariably, and as a common natural basis for all the labours of composition. Theory kept a very long silence about this extraordinary discovery; it waited for Rameau, to be legitimately explained. But from the fifteenth century down, we see whole series of chords gradually taking the place of the two-footed passages which had formed the rule. In the works of the first Flemish school, the oldest of all schools, the feeling of the harmonic law begins clearly to break out, and the melodic design to improve in proportion. But in the parts or voices that were contrived to produce some kind of musical meaning, none at all was found. Obstacles, which it required more time to remove than mere ignorance—obstacles which were yet more obstinate because they had their roots in the incarnate theoretic prejudices, and even touched the institutions of the church, necessarily made melody impossible for more than two centuries longer.

The eight church tones of the Gregorian chant were the only ones in use from antiquity, and the only ones which theory recognised. They had the three-fold sanction of time, of established theory, and of the catholic ritual. To these guarantees, so imposing in themselves, Glareanus (Henry Loritus, a theorist of the sixteenth century) added the legislative and always highly venerated authority of the ancients. He identified the church tones with the Greek modes, and gave them the names Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian, and so forth, of which neither St. Ambrose nor St. Gregory had ever thought. In this way, everything contributed to make out of the institution of the church modes an unassailable musical dogma, and, as it were, a supplemental article of faith, which no one ventured openly to deny or overstep.

My readers know that these modes, ascribed to the Greeks, were nothing but the normal diatonic scale of C major, comprised in octaves, which began and ended upon other notes besides the tonic. They also know, and possibly still better, that upon the place which the half tones occupy upon the major and minor scale, depend the combinations which determine the key. But since, in all the church tones, this place changed continually, according to the arbitrary note with which the scale commenced, it followed that the essential chords were more or less wanting to all the authentic or solemn modes; that the Dorian, for example, which began with a D, in the want of a C sharp, had neither the half-tone immediately below the ground tone for its melody, nor a dominant chord for its harmony; that the Lydian, which began with an F, ran against the tritone, instead of the fourth, which it should have found on the fourth step, and so on. We see at once the impossibility of realising any natural melody with these unsettled scales. But we believe, too, that they never applied the church tones in their theoretic and grammatical purity. The singers must have corrected and modified them from instinct, as do the singers in the Græco-Russian churches at this day, using

sharps and flats not indicated in the book, as often as the ear craves them. In this way the church tones, as they were, could serve for a long time and maintain a semblance of reality, so long as the *canto fermo* was only executed in unison or octaves. But with harmony all this became pure illusion. With harmony there was no longer a Dorian, or a Phrygian, or any other scale of that sort; there were the major and minor, which require sensible and characteristic notes; that is, the true scales and the transposed keys, that is, sharps and flats; moreover a natural tune, that is a natural modulation, that is in a word *all* that the church tones had not. The obstacle was insurmountable. They had to get round it by a thousand subtleties, a thousand roundabout ways; and just as men had laboured to reconcile the Hucbald progression with the permitted passages, which was very bad, but at least practicable, so now the science and genius of the composers were exhausted upon the impossible problem of reconciling harmony with the church tones, when there was an invincible repugnance between them. What occurred in consequence? Out of mere regard and forbearance towards this venerable institution, it came to pass that the composers, without thinking of it, utterly destroyed it, and finally to their great amazement found above its ruins the twenty-four keys of modern music, the result of harmony and melody completed.

The first shift that was thought of was to change the B of the Lydian mode into a B flat; since the B natural formed with the tonic a tri-tone or false fourth, an interval scarcely regarded with abhorrence before, and now one of the most distinguished and useful servants of the harmonic kingdom. In this way the Greek tone-system was tolerably conformed to the relations of the modern scale and forced to bear a somewhat closer resemblance to our scale of F major than one drop of water to another. This alone among all the church tones had this invaluable advantage, at least in writing; and I make this remark with so much the more interest, because it very well explains the singular partiality of the composers of the sixteenth century, already learned harmonists, for this key. Nearly all the examples of their works which Burney gives bear the signature of one flat.

To be sure, the concession of a B flat was a small affair. They had to modulate accordingly, to touch the essential chords, to pass out into other keys. Here was a new perplexity. The Lydian mode, transformed into a major scale, had indeed all the chords required within the limits of its own Tonic; but its key did not suffice to effect the nearest transition. If one wanted, for example, to pass from F into B flat major, or into D minor or A minor, the ear demanded in the first case the characteristic E flat; in the second case the semitone C sharp below the key-note; in the third case, G sharp; downright falsifications of the church modes, manifest oversteppings of the established system. Modulation was not possible; not to modulate was equally impossible. What then was to be done? Patience! here comes the celebrated Franchinus Gaforio, Gaforus or Gaforius, who will instruct us in his treatise, entitled *Practica musica*, chapter 13, *De musica ficta contrapuncto*. Does the reader know what this *fictitious* music is? Nothing more nor less than real music, music for the ear, with body and soul to it; the necessity of setting sharps and flats, where they were needed, without its being permissible on that account ever to write them upon paper, for that was called *altering the purity of the scales*. All were lost, should the eye see what the ear must hear. What a casuist was this Gaforius! What a perfect Jesuit, although Loyola's children were not yet born! Sharps and flats are permitted when you cannot do without them, but to write them is a sin. An excellent doctrine, which applies to many other things as well as flats and sharps.

By virtue of this fiction, which quieted the consciences of contemporaries at the expense of future historians, who had officially to decipher the old music, the musicians remained in good faith that they were operating upon Greek or church tones, while they were making neither more nor less than major and minor. Nevertheless this prejudice, so long as it stood in theory, had a great influence upon practice. The tune, instead of resting on the essential chords of one major or minor

tone, continued to move upon arbitrary limits in the different scales of the *canto fermo*. The diatonic passed for the rule; the chromatic for a painful, but unavoidable exception, to be used as sparingly as possible. Hence all the inconveniences in the train of the old music;—the want of resonance, the poverty and helplessness of modulations, the rests and cadences running so contrary to nature, and an anxiety to avoid scales, whose use would have involved too many flats and sharps, that is to say too many exceptions and licences! *Summa summarum*: Melody was just 0. We shall see hereafter how much the rules of the *Canon* must have aggravated the impediments of a tone-system, that was in itself so unpropitious to the demands of Art.

For the musicians in the state of nature, not a single one of these impediments existed. Neither scales nor modulations gave them any difficulty. They sang the major more correctly than any of the learned ones who had been initiated into the mysteries of the *cantus durus* and the *cantus mollis*; they intoned the minor more accurately than the cuckoo; they set sharps and flats with an unerring tact, and slept none the worse for it, the happy mortals; melody streamed rich and fluid from their lips; dance music, brisk and well cadenced, animated their clumsy bows; their ignorance understood how to flatter the ear, to excite the senses, to move the heart, when science was far from dreaming that there is no music without these three conditions. The artists looked down with contempt upon their modest colleagues, who were far before them; and yet a secret envy, a desire of imitation, which they did not confess to themselves, was mingled with their contempt for the natural music, with that enjoyment, of which they were ashamed, but which they none the less found very agreeable. They despised them, and yet they were repeatedly compelled in their own barrenness and impotence to have recourse to them. I take pains to collect the evidences of this fact, as far as they can be had. It is very important, and the historians have not understood it.

(To be continued.)

REACTIONARY LETTERS.

No. IX.

(Continued from page 129.)

It is true! We are the slaves of past times, the slaves of death!

A dead man, if he happens to have made a will, disposes of property no longer his, or, if he happens to have made no will, the property is divided according to the views and ideas of individuals who have been dead much longer than he has.

A dead man sits on every judgment-seat, and the living only repeat his decisions.

We read books of dead men, and sing hallelujahs over the graves of those whose lips, which once moved in the most enthusiastic spirit, are now turned to ashes. We laugh and we cry over the Dead. We fall ill with the illnesses both bodily and mental of persons long since deceased, and, not unfrequently, die of the same specifics, with which dead doctors destroyed their patients. We even write music according to the rules promulgated by dead men, and criticise it in obedience to the views of individuals long since buried.

It is high time for us to emancipate ourselves. The world belongs to the living.

Unfortunately, the living will not altogether believe this—which is a great fault on their part.

They have so entangled themselves in the network of golden and brazen chains, which thousands of years have wound round them, that they do not even attempt to burst their bonds, although they need make but one bold effort and their limbs are free. Only let them have confidence—faith!

Why, for instance, do you not believe in Gervinus, worthy musicians? Why do you venerate the dust of a Palestrina or a Lotti? Why do you fear the mouldering skeleton of a Bach, a Händel, a Mozart? Away with the doctrines of such men. Emancipate yourselves!

Cast into the fire all theories, with contrapunt and fugue; in-harmonic transitions and sharp fifths; preparation and resolu-

lution of the dissonances! We have prepared and resolved them long enough! Cast into the fire all absolute music, all melody—away with rhythm and modulation!* Gervinus has pronounced his opinion. All this is no longer necessary.

Musicians are in a perfect state of consternation, and cannot answer otherwise than by a parable:—

"Some one once asserted that the beautiful white sand in the village of Rauschen, upon the sea coast, was excellent soil for oats. Upon this, the farmers and others, who understood something about the matter, smiled; Meyerbeer alone pronounced for the reformer. People then whispered and laid their heads together and asked, 'Who is Meyerbeer?' and when they heard it was he who wrote *Robert*, the *Huguenots*, etc., they smiled again, and sowed no oats in the sand."

The comparison halts, gentlemen! You take for granted that Meyerbeer understands nothing of farming; this may be true—at least, we know nothing to the contrary—for it requires a whole life to be such a proficient in music as he is, even if he is acquainted with nothing else. Gervinus, however, is said to be the author of an article, in the *Niederheinische Musikzeitung*, on Händel's *Allegro und Penseroso*, which article contains the following remarks on the *Melody of Speech*:—"If music is to be restored to that state of purity and depth, when the standard of its worth is sought for in the physical truth of its expression; when the words and their signification are the touchstone of the composition; when the *Melody of Speech* shall be the stipulated foundation of the melody sung, there are not, for us Northmen, for us Germans, in the entire collection of musical treasures, any works that should be so highly valued and exclusively brought forward, as classical specimens of the study of art, inspired with fresh youth in the spirit just mentioned, as the works of Händel." Whoever speaks thus of Händel, must necessarily have penetrated very far indeed into the domain of art!

But, reply musicians, how does that agree with the spoken melody of which we are at present treating? The author of the pamphlet on the subject must blush at this reference to Händel. According to L. Köhler's principle of speech-melody, what would have become of "Rule, Britannia," or, "Oh! who can tell?"† Both these would certainly, even in the fourth bar, have been in a key which would have given our tongue the cramp if we had tried to pronounce the name of it—something in the style of C flat—flat—flat—flat major!

This is quite true, for as far as we are allowed to become acquainted with the pamphlet, not only does Händel fare as badly as all the rest, but even worse, since it is exactly by his continuance in one and the same key, and by his natural style of modulation that he must give the most offence; and yet matters are not so bad as they appear to be, or—as they are represented. I will even assert, in opposition to nearly all the critics, that the little book contains much that is good and has only one fault.

The case struck me as that of a man who had looked so long with steady gaze at his old yellow tom-cat, that he at last mistook it for a lion.

The work contains instructive matter, but something different from what the author intended. He has mistaken the species.

There are three ways of declaiming the words. Martinus Capella calls them, "*Genus vocis—continuum, divisum, and medium.*" Köhler has treated of the last method, which derives the tones from a certain scale, but does not conform to the rules of modulation. The rhythm strictly follows the language, and so does the tempo. Each syllable has only one note, repeti-

tions of the text are prohibited, etc. Enough! These are the old—the very old—laws of *recitative*, but not of melody.

As a general rule, melody is not to be taught or learnt, or it would cease to be an art.

If we allow the text to be the lightning, then the melody becomes the flame; but as the lightning endures only for a moment, so does the word. The flame, or melody, alone is lasting.

Melody, like faith, love and hope, is something that springs from the soul. Who can be taught faith, who can be taught love, who can be inspired with hope, if the germ of those sentiments be not already latent in the heart? We remain reactionary, and hold by the dead. We have confidence in the living, only when they have reached the heights the dead have scaled before them; and faith in those who despise everything, only when they can do better themselves. We are, however, reconciled to Gervinus, since, with Händel's *Melody of Speech*, we are well satisfied, and can recommend it to others.

[Demanded: The meaning of this ninth "Reactionary!"—Ed. M. W.]

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I TOLD you in my last that Mad. Viardot Garcia was announced to appear on the evening I wrote, in the part of the *Gitana* in the *Trovatore*, and Mad. Stoltz in that of *Fides* in the *Prophète*. The latter opera was unfortunately postponed in consequence of the illness of Mad. Stoltz; but the *Trovatore* was given in presence of the Emperor, Empress, and a very crowded house. "Nothing"—says M. P. A. Fiorentino, in his *feuilleton* of the *Constitutionnel*—"could exceed the energy with which Mad. Viardot undertook her task, and the desire to please and succeed was obvious in her whole performance. It was evident, however, that the accomplished *artiste* had assumed a responsibility too great for her. Only a young and fresh voice can by any possibility succeed in the music of Verdi. Never was composer so unmerciful in his requirements. When he called for the voice of Mad. Viardot, it did not come though he did call for it. In the song of the Bohemians, where she first appears, she simply murmured the music, leaving it to the orchestra to play the air, and to the anvils which enrich the accompaniments to mark the rhythm. She showed herself an artistic comedian in the scene where she encounters the enemy of her race, and the son of the man who murdered her mother; but in the fourth act, used up and fatigued by the exigencies of a rôle too arduous for her physical powers, she failed altogether in the duet with her son, was unable to sing the music, and gave the words in a sort of undercurrent of recitative. There is no use in concealing the fact that Mad. Viardot's performance was a failure, which was the more remarked, since she came after Mad. Borghi-Mamo, who by her delicious voice and fine vocalisation had won a real success for the music of the *Gitana*."

The Italian Opera closes at the end of this month, unless the report that Ronconi has accepted a short engagement to appear with Mad. Bosio, in *Rigoletto*, turn out correct.

The 28th ult. was the first anniversary of the production of *L'Etoile du Nord*; and the Opera-Comique celebrated the event in a remarkable manner—viz., by giving on that night the 100th representation of the already celebrated work of M. Meyerbeer. It is rarely such success has been achieved, and more rarely still has it been so entirely deserved. One hundred representations of an opera within twelve months is unprecedented. On this anniversary there was no vacant seat at the Opera-Comique; and crowds were turned from the doors.

Mad. Tedesco, who has been engaged for the Opera at St. Petersburg, will leave Paris at the end of this week, unless the sudden and unexpected death of the Czar should cause her departure to be postponed.

The *Juive* is announced for to-night, with the following cast:—Rachel, Mdle. Sophie Cruvelli; Eleazar, M. Gueymard; Boni, M. Depassio; and Endoxie, Mdle. Marie Dussy. I shall send you full particulars in my next. No pains have been spared in rehearsals; and new dresses, scenery, etc., have been provided.

* REMARKS.—The Composer: All this torrent of unbridled irony appears to refer to a passage in the *Hartungsche Zeitung*, in which the opinion of Professor Gervinus regarding L. Köhler's *Melodie der Sprache* was published. The idea of prohibiting Gervinus from deciding a musical question is rather too good.

The Pressman: Very true. Printing would be a somewhat monotonous occupation, if we could not criticise a little what we print. After all, every one who has eyes and ears can criticise music, painting, and sculpture.

Printer's Devil: Of course! Art is free!—TRANSLATOR.—Herr Sobolewski is about as clear as Richard Wagner.]

† "Oh, who can tell" us what is "Oh, who can tell?"—Translator.

Les Vêpres Siciliennes is in active rehearsal; but there is no chance of this opera seeing the light before the month of May, or even later, if the revival of the *Juive* prove very successful.

A more charming, fresh, and *riant* little theatre than the Folies Nouvelles cannot be found in Paris, and consequently not elsewhere. Formerly, a *café chantant* in that classic haunt of the smaller theatres, the Boulevard du Temple, it was taken by an enterprising manager, who endeavoured to obtain a license for dramatic performances. The government, however, considered, perhaps with reason, that there was no lack of theatres in Paris; and replied that if a license for opening the place at all were granted, it would be coupled with the condition that no tragedy, comedy, drama, vaudeville, farce, or dramatic performance should be given at this new theatre. Such a condition would have alarmed an ordinary man, but had no terrors for one who desired to open the Folies Nouvelles, and who had at his back, M. Paul Legrand, the most renowned Pierrot of Europe, and M. Joseph Kelm, who has a "specialty" for songs and *charges* of the most irresistibly comic description. The license was accordingly accepted, the *café chantant* changed into an inviting little theatre, a *corps de ballet* of the prettiest possible of pretty girls, and an orchestra of a dozen excellent musicians, at once engaged; and lo! our theatre commences with a French pantomime, a *petit ballet*, and two or three songs or scenes by M. Joseph Kelm, in appropriate costume. It has now been opened about six months, and "*vires acquirit eundo*." The Faubourg Saint Germain, and the Chaussée d'Antin, frequent it much; the *lorettes* of the Quartier Bréda have taken it under their "protection," (a name most dear to them); and all the celebrities of Paris, from Thiers and Guizot, to the editors of the *Tintamarre* and *Journal pour Rire*, are constant visitors. And now, *pour comble de bonheur*, the great "Cham," the renowned caricaturist of the *Charivari*, the man whose sketches of French and English soldiers have done more to cement the alliance than a wilderness of political pamphlets, has composed a pantomime, which has been produced under his superintendence; all the "business," tricks, dresses, and action being entirely due to this pride of the Parisian *Punch*. The pantomime is called *Pierrot Quaker*, and is in five *tableaux*. The scene opens in the shop of M. Marcassi, an armorer; on one side of the shop is seen an apartment with the *affiche*, "To be let," suspended from the window. Marcassi's daughter (Columbine) is burnishing a trophy composed of various arms, when Pierrot (P. Legrand) enters, heaving a bitter sigh. She demands his business; he points to the *affiche*, to which the maiden replies (by signs of course, for no word is spoken in the pantomime) that he has mistaken the room. Thereupon Pierrot avows his real object to be love, throws himself at her feet, and offers a bouquet, which she is about to accept, when her father enters, and seeing a stranger thus soliciting his daughter, assists him to rise by a well-placed and stoutly-applied kick on his nether person. "What do you here?" "I am your daughter's shoemaker, and was measuring her foot." "Go on then," says the old gentleman. Pierrot obeys, Columbine consenting; but, alack-a-day! the bouquet peeps out from his pocket, and the cruel parent seizing hold of it, discovers a letter addressed to Columbine. Pierrot is now again raised to his feet, with a second kick equally well administered. Marcassi locks up his daughter, and presents his card to Pierrot, who, consulted on the choice of weapons, declines all that can be found in the shop, and Marcassi goes in search of others. Pierrot tries to escape, but cannot; a knock is heard at the door, which Columbine opens, and enter M. Orgeat, a Quaker, her own godfather, on whose hat is printed, in large characters, "Friend of Peace." He gives a packet to Columbine, and informs her that he will engage the vacant apartments as the Paris office of the Peace Congress. Accordingly, taking down the "To let," he replaces it with "*Bureau du Congrès de la Paix*." Pierrot still desiring to escape, M. Orgeat demands from his god-daughter the stranger's name, and then learning what has just occurred, the "friend of peace" lectures on the virtues of humility and long-suffering, and carries his principles into practice by throwing the armorer's weapons out of the window, a task in which Pierrot gladly assists him, besides agreeing to enter his service as clerk in the Peace Congress.

Marcassi returns as soon as they are departed, and his daughter is informing him of what has occurred, when Orgeat returns, accompanied by Pierrot in Quaker costume, hat in hand. Marcassi flies at him, furious, and Pierrot raising his hat, points to the *affiche*, "friend of peace;" whereupon, Orgeat's back being turned, Pierrot receives a third kick, which he accepts with due resignation, pointing to the peaceful notice on his hat, and the first *tableau* ends. The second *tableau* opens in a square, with a *café militaire* on the one side, and a *café de la paix* on the other; M. Orgeat and Pierrot desiring refreshment, seek it at the latter establishment, M. Orgeat contenting himself with olive oil, as the drink most peculiarly suited to him, while Pierrot prefers good beer. A Zouave, a Highlander, and a *Vivandière*, linked arm-in-arm, issue forth from the *Café Militaire*, and in reply to M. Orgeat as to their destination, the Zouave points to a flag whereon is inscribed "For Sebastopol." M. Orgeat thereupon proposes to Pierrot to accompany them, and restore peace to Europe by preaching to the belligerents on the virtues of concord and harmony. Pierrot is seduced by a well-filled purse, and they depart together. The third *tableau* takes us to the camp before Sebastopol, where Pierrot exercises his mission as a friend of peace, by hiding the soldiers' firelocks; for which he is condemned to be "clobbered." Before his punishment has commenced, the drums beat to arms, and shortly afterwards Pierrot, hearing from the *Vivandière* that the Russians have fled, poses himself as conqueror, when a Cossack arrives, round whose neck Pierrot contrives to hang the label "Prisoner," but the Cossack being the stronger places another *affiche* "Prisoners-hoff" round Pierrot's neck, and carries him off. The scene of the fourth *tableau* is laid in some place in "Schoff," where Pierrot and the *Vivandière* are prisoners, and dancing and music the order of the day; but, during the entertainment, a French man-of-war appears off the coast, and Pierrot swims out to it during the night. The fifth *tableau* takes us to the hall of the Peace Congress, and the bill announces that brother Pierrot will give a detailed account of his captivity and adventures in the Crimea. He has hardly commenced, when he finds the greater part of his audience snoring, and administers a good sound blow on the head of the sleeper nearest to him. The sleeper awakened passes the blow to his neighbour, from whom he imagines it has come, and who again bestows it on a third, till the *mêlée* becomes general. Marcassi, hearing the noise, rushes in to enquire the cause; the peace fraternity escape, and Pierrot is left alone. Marcassi insists on his taking a sword, which, being unaided by Orgeat, he cannot refuse, but hardly are their weapons crossed, when a loud sigh from below the table causes Pierrot to turn round, and he receives Marcassi's sword "just in the place where honour lies, as wise philosophers affirm." Marcassi is satisfied, and finds that Orgeat, bruised and beaten, has taken refuge beneath the table; he is furious at seeing Pierrot wounded, and draws from his pocket a will in favour of Columbine, which he is about to cancel, when Pierrot interposes and offers to marry the lady, to which Marcassi, alarmed at Orgeat's threat, consents, and so ends the pantomime.

I have given you a detailed analysis of this *jeu-d'esprit*, because it is unquestionably the most *à propos* that has been produced on the war. There is a moral to the tale, and the situations are admirable, each *tableau* being perfect in itself. The scenery is new and very good, the dresses well designed and pretty, the *mise-en-scène* excellent, and the piece altogether one of the most remarkable successes of the season.

The Académie Française has proceeded to the election of two members to fill the seats vacant by the deaths of MM. Saint-Aulaire and Ancelot; the first of which was to be occupied by a politician, the second by a man of letters. The Academy is fast becoming a snug little club for the Orleanist and Legitimist parties, and as the government does not interfere with any of the speeches there pronounced, it is the endeavour of each newly appointed Academician to point his inaugural address with all the venom he can muster against the present régime. Messrs. Thiers, Guizot, Molé, Berryer, etc., elected the Duke de Broglie to the vacant political seat, and then proceeded to the election of that of literature. The choice lay between two candidates, Messrs. Legouvé and Ponsard; and

had merit received its due reward, M. Legouvé would have had but little hope. The semi-author of a questionable drama, and the sole author of a bad tragedy, rejected at the Théâtre Français, could have but small chance in comparison with such a man as M. Ponsard, the author of *Lucrèce*, of *Agnès de Méranie*, of *Charlotte Corday*, of *L'Honneur et l'Argent*, of *Ulysse*, and of the poem of *Homère*. *Sed academici aliter visum*, and M. Legouvé was elected by eighteen votes, against ten obtained by M. Ponsard.

Mad. Miolan has recovered from her indisposition, and resumed her rôle in the *Pré aux Clercs* at the Opéra-Comique. Miss Fauvette, however, is irretrievably lost to her, and Mdlle. Levebvre pleases the public two or three times a week in the combined representation of *Miss Fauvette* and *Le Chien du Jardinier*. M. Perrin is a lucky man, with two such strings to his bow as the Opéra-Comique and the Théâtre-Lyrique, at which latter the *Muletier de Tolède* (thanks to the fascinating Marie Cabel) and *Robin des Bois* (thanks to the Parisian indifference to Carl Maria Von Weber) still run a course of triumphant success.

Mr. E. T. Smith, of Drury Lane Theatre, does not seem to understand French; for if ever a remonstrance was made by man, it is made by Meyerbeer in the courtly and gentlemanly letter which the lessee prints in *The Times*, evidently without comprehending its contents.

(From another Correspondent.)

THE *Juive* was produced on Monday, with great success, at the Théâtre Impériale de l'Opéra. The crowd was enormous. As soon as the doors were open, the theatre was crammed. Sophie Cruvelli and Gueymard played Rachel and Eléazar. Cruvelli's magnificent person and splendid voice were admirably suited for the Jewess. Never was the part of Rachel more nobly represented. She has added another leaf to her Parisian successes by this impersonation. M. Gueymard, the tenor, made a favourable impression as Eléazar (in which part he was heard at Covent Garden), and M. Dépassis, as the Cardinal, did justice to the music.—At the Théâtre-Français a new comedy, in one act, called *Essai du Mariage*, by the well-known M. Méry, has been produced, with success. MM. Maillart, Monrose, Mlles. Denain and Valérie, were the principal artists who assisted in the representation.—At the Vaudeville a new piece, in three acts, has also been produced, entitled *La Joie de la Maison*, by MM. Anicet Bourgeois and Decourcelles. The parts were distributed among MM. Félix, Volny, Lagrange, Albert, Bachelet, Madames Luther, Guillemain, Armand, Bertin, and Pélagie. It is a spirited little piece, full of interest, was well performed, and deserved the reception it obtained.—At the Opéra-Comique, the *Pré aux Clercs*, *Galathée*, *Les Deux Jakes*, and *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, have been the most attractive performances during the week.—The *Trovatore*, at the Théâtre-Italien, continues to be played, with Madame Viardot in the principal part; and on Tuesday the *Puritani* was repeated, for Mad. Bosio and M. Baucardé.—At the Odéon, Laferrière, in Alexandre Dumas' popular drama of *La Conscience*, made his parting bow for the season.—At the Théâtre-Lyrique, *Le Muletier de Tolède* continues to prove attractive, as it can hardly fail to do with the enchanting Madame Marie Cabel as the heroine.

Robin des Bois and *Bonsoir, Voisin*, have also been played during the week. The *Bijou Perdu* is announced to be reproduced for the *début* of Mad. Gasc-Curbale—poor lady! A new comic opera by M. Poise, entitled the *Charmeurs*, is underlined in the bills. At the Variétés, the *rentrée* of Arnal, Leclerc, and Mdlle. Alice Ozy has taken place in *Riche d'Amour*. At the Palais-Royal, Mad. Thierret met with an accident, and in consequence, Mad. Dupuis has undertaken her part in the *Perte de la Cannebière*.

HAMBURG.—The brothers Wieniawski played at the fourth Philharmonic concert, on which occasion Madame Nissen-Saloman, the vocalist, appeared.—The Stadt-Theater is in a very shaky condition, so much so, indeed, that an advertisement has appeared in the *Hamburger Correspondent*, calling upon the wealthy inhabitants to contribute something to its support, and appealing to the booksellers to publish circulars to that effect.

VIENNA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

At the Imperial Operahouse there has been nothing new since I last wrote. The third *Gesellschaftsconcert* took place at the Imperial *Redouten-Saal*; the programme contained the names of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Berlioz, and Gade, which promised well, but some of the pieces selected were not worthy of the honour, and some of the instrumentalists were incapable of doing credit to the composers whose works they attempted. In spite of these drawbacks, however, the concert went off, upon the whole, pretty well.

Madlle. Wilhelmina Clauss has given her fourth concert, which was most numerously attended. The popularity of the fair and talented young pianist has continued to increase from the moment of her first appearance, and I may, with truth, assert that she has quite become the favourite of the public. Her concerts are events which are looked forward to with anxiety. Madlle. Wilhelmina Clauss took part in Franz Schubert's Trio in E flat major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and performed alone Thalberg's *étude* in A minor, Beethoven's grand sonata in C major (Op. 53), and one of Mendelssohn's exquisite and ever fresh *Lieder ohne Worte*. The audience were, really and truly, enchanted, and testified their delight by loud, oft-repeated, and long-continued applause. The vocalist on the occasion was Herr Hermann von Gülpel, who, in the course of the evening, sang two songs by Schubert, "Aufenthalt" and "Frühlingsglaube," and an air from Mendelssohn's *Paulus*.

Mad. Anna Caponi gave a concert in Seuffert's Saloons, to introduce several of her pupils to public notice. It would be useless to mention the names of these young ladies, as they are, as yet, unknown to fame, but I may be allowed to say that they did credit to their mistress, and played compositions of Mozart, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and other less distinguished composers, in a satisfactory manner, both with regard to execution and feeling. The first concert this year of the pupils of the *Académie der Tonkunst* (Academy of Music) took place on Friday, the 9th inst., in the large room of the *Landhaus*.

BERLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

GLASER's comic opera, *Adler's Horst* (*The Eagle's Haunt*), was revived at the Royal Operahouse on the 20th inst., the principal characters being sustained by Mesdemoiselles Johanna Wagner, Trietsch, Herren Krüger, and Schäffer. The music created but slight interest, and the work indeed was scarcely worth reviving.

The concert in aid of the *Bock'sche Stiftung*, took place on Saturday, in the music rooms of the Theatre Royal, and was fully attended. On the 20th inst., the *Philharmonischer Verein* gave a concert, at which we heard another juvenile prodigy, in the person of a ten-year-old violinist, by name Julius Bermanski, and by birth a Pole. This young gentleman, who is a pupil of Concertmeister L. Ganz, performed the first movement of Rode's hacknied concerto in A minor, and some so-so variations on a theme from Bellini. Of course the audience was lost in wonder and admiration, but, I must confess, the effect upon myself was of an opposite nature. On Wednesday, Erk's *Männergesang-Verein* gave a concert, and sang, among other pieces, a Thuringian national melody with great effect. Herren Hesse, Oertling, Wendt, Birnbach, and Franz, performed Hummel's quintet in E flat minor, for pianoforte and stringed instruments. Herr Dorn was unanimously elected musical director of the *Neue Berliner Liedertafel*, on the 22nd inst.; and Herr Kriger, with equal unanimity, was appointed deputy-leader, to act in the absence of the principal, a post which Herr Truhn had previously resigned.

DRESDEN.—Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* has been triumphantly successful. Madame Jenny Ney-Bürde sings and acts the part of Catherine most admirably, and is ably supported by the other artists, who exert themselves to the utmost to give effect to the great master's last chef-d'œuvre.

LEIPSIK.

(From a Correspondent.)

ALLOW me to correct two mistakes in my last communication. The name of the singer omitted is Mad. Nottes, from Hanover; and instead of *Mad.* it should be *Mdlle.* Wagner, from Prague.

Herr Theodor Formes and Mad. Nottes have appeared together in Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, Halévy's *Judin (Juive)*, and twice in Meyerbeer's *Die Hugenotten*. At the end of almost every act in the above operas both artists were recalled, and appeared on the stage amidst loud applause. It is long since we have had such a sensation here. The success of Herr Formes was greater than had been at first anticipated. He leaves here for Mayence. Mad. Nottes is a good singer and a good actress. Her last part was Leonore in Beethoven's *Fidelio*.

On the 26th inst., the celebrated Spanish dancer, Pepita de Oliva, who has been charming the whole of Germany for a couple of years, appeared again on our stage. The house was crowded, as usual, to excess, not, however, to admire her dancing so much as her personal appearance, which is really very fascinating.

At the eighteenth Gewandhaus Concert, we had the pleasure of hearing M. Alexander Dreyschock, who performed Mendelssohn's G minor concerto in a very neat and brilliant style, a "Song without words," by the same composer, and some pieces of his own, all of which were much applauded. Herr Dreyschock might have chosen another concerto than the G minor, which he had already played two years ago at the Gewandhaus, and which we hear from nine artists out of ten. At the same concert, Spohr's double symphony (in C) for two orchestras was performed, and our drummer, Herr Pfund, obtained special praise for the manner in which he gave the last "effect." This symphony has not been played here for some years, and was received with great approbation. Spohr was invited to conduct, but, for some unknown reason, declined. On the 26th inst., at the fifth quartet soirée, M. Alexander Dreyschock performed the C minor (Op. 1) trio by Beethoven, assisted by his brother Raimund and Kappellmeister Rietz, a *Fugato* composed by himself, and one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without words," known as the *Spinner's Song*, which was loudly encored, and for which he substituted a very astonishing *bravura* piece. The audience listened with the deepest attention and at the conclusion applauded rapturously. The programme of the nineteenth Gewandhaus concert was as follows:—

Symphony, Haydn (No. 3, E flat major); aria, Stradella, sung by Mad. Nottes; recitativo et aria from *Torquato Tasso*, Donizetti, sung by the same, together with two songs by Mendelssohn and Schubert; overture, Weber; Mendelssohn's overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; and concerto for violin, Viotti (No. 22, A minor), performed by Concertmeister David.

Haydn's symphony was not very favourably received. I fancy the reason is, that the Gewandhaus audience are becoming a little too much accustomed to Beethoven, and the modern style in general, and are almost apt to forget that Haydn was the father and inventor of the symphony as well as a man of prodigious genius. Weber's overture shared almost the same fate, meeting with but indifferent success. On the contrary Mendelssohn's splendid composition was greatly applauded. Every one appeared delighted, and had the composer himself been present he would have rejoiced to see the estimation in which his works are still (!) held.* Mad. Nottes performed her task so well as to be honoured with an encore, in response to which she added a beautiful song by Schubert. She is the best singer we have heard at the concerts this year. Herr C. David's performance of Viotti's 22 concerto, proved him to be a perfect virtuoso. He was greatly applauded. The last Gewandhaus concert for this season will take place on the 22nd inst., on which occasion we expect to hear Sig. Bazzini, the violinist. During this month there will be a public and private examination of the pupils belonging to the Music Academy of which I will give you a few particulars in my next.

* How very kind of Leipzig, which, but for Sebastian Bach of old, and Mendelssohn lately, would have been insignificant as a musical town.—ED. M. W.

Yesterday (3rd) the famous actor, Herr Dawson, at present permanently engaged at Dresden, appeared on our stage as "Hamlet." He was received with immense applause, was recalled at the end of each act, and even in the middle of one (the 4th) act the public demanded his re-appearance.

FOREIGN MISCELLANEOUS.

DANTSIC.—A new opera, the music by Herr Markull, entitled *Das Walpurgisfest*, has been produced with success. The composer and principal singers were called for at the fall of the curtain.

DARMSTADT.—Herr D'Alle Aste has been engaged, and will shortly make his first appearance. The students of Utrecht, where he sang lately in a concert, presented him with a handsome silver goblet. Herr Dalle Aste, who has a fine bass voice, will be remembered as having been in England in 1851, when he sang at several concerts.

HANOVER.—The opera of *Giralda* is in rehearsal. There is a report that the management intends to produce very shortly *L'Etoile du Nord* and *Lohengrin*.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—In answer to a report that the expense of producing *Santa-Chiara* was defrayed by the Royal composer, the management of the theatre have publicly stated that such is not the case, but that they even paid the Duke of Saxe-Coburg one hundred thalers for the right of representation, and that his Royal Highness presented the money to the Pension Fund of the ducal chapel.

ROYAL OPERA, DRURY LANE.—We understand this establishment will commence the season of 1855 at Easter, with a strong company; and that among the first novelties will be Mendelssohn's operetta of *Heimkehr*, and the *Walpurgisnacht* of the same composer.

SIGNOR MARRAS has returned to London for the season.

SIGNOR CAMPANA will be in London at the end of this month.

SIGNOR GORDIGIANI is at Paris, and will shortly arrive in London.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN'S LECTURES.—Mr. Salaman has had a great musical curiosity sent him by Sir Thomas Sebright, which he intends to exhibit at his lecture on Thursday next. It is a small keyed-stringed instrument of the virginal class, with three octaves of keys, black and white, dated 1575. It is magnificently embossed with gold, and is contained in a case equally superb. It was brought from Geneva by Sir Thomas Sebright, who, hearing of Mr. Salaman's lectures, was kind enough to send it up from his seat in Berkshire for that gentleman's use. It is a relic of the greatest interest to pianists and musicians generally. Mr. Salaman is also in possession of other very rare keyed-stringed instruments, and a cover of a harpsichord superbly painted, 200 years old, which he will equally exhibit at his lectures.

CHARLES HALLÉ.—"The admirers of this eminent pianist," says Mr. Ella, "will learn with regret that he is yet suffering from an accident that he met with in Manchester, three weeks ago, by which his left hand was seriously injured. A letter just received from Hallé, giving an account of his painful accident, states that there is every hope of his being sufficiently recovered to play at one of the two remaining Winter Evenings. At first it was feared that the amputation of the second finger would be resorted to. [The accident occurred through a door closing violently and unexpectedly on one of Mr. Hallé's fingers.—ED. M.W.]

MR. JOHN CHESHIRE, the harpist, after his very successful performance at the concert of the Society of British Musicians, on the 27th of February, was presented, by Messrs. Erat, with the fine instrument, of their manufacture, on which he had played, as a token, and a most handsome one, of their estimation of his talent. We are happy to record this circumstance, as one equally honourable to the young artist and to the liberal firm which has for many years been distinguished for its active zeal in the cause of English musicians. Mr. Cheshire was recently a student in the Royal Academy, where, under Mr. J. B. Chatterton, his great and rapid progress on his instrument gained him the warmest admiration; the encouraging compliment he has just received is a welcome to him on the threshold of an arduous career, and one which his best wishers may regard as a harbinger of future success.

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The English Glee and Madrigal Union appeared at a concert given by Mrs. D. W. Banks, at our Town-Hall, on Saturday evening, when the room was respectably filled, although by no means crowded. The effect that can be produced by such artists as Mrs. Enderssohn, Mr. and Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. H. Phillips, in glee singing, was shewn at once in Elliott's five-voiced glee, "Come, see what pleasure;" indeed, the same degree of excellence was exhibited in all the glees and madrigals. Stafford Smith's "Return blest days," and Bishop's "Blow, gentle gales," were beautiful, and Müller's four-part song, "Spring's delight," was encored. The chief applause was, as frequently happens, given to the solo performers, who are introduced on that very account, no doubt, by the Union, the concert being divided into three parts. The first and third were devoted to the more strict object of the association—glees and madrigals—whilst the middle consisted of five songs and a duet. Mr. Phillips obtained the first encore in Griesbach's "The Auld Wife," and substituted "The Sea fight;" next Mr. Lockey, for Hutton's "Patriotic" song, "Our lov'd our brave," and gave, instead, "When sorrow sleepeth." Mr. Lockey sang Hobb's "Queen's Letter," and was loudly applauded. Mrs. Enderssohn, who was suffering slightly from cold, was encored in the "Piper o' Dundee," to which she responded by the Jacobite song, "Over the sea." Mr. Hobbs is no longer the tenor of our oratorios we once remember him, so his solo was chosen to display his humour rather than his voice, to wit, "Simon the Cellarer," replaced, on the encore, by "A little fat gray man." We shall be sorry when the Glee and Madrigal Union lose such men as Hobbs and Phillips; although neither of them no longer equal in voice to the rest of the party—their skill and experience make up for all deficiencies. The long practice together of the members of the Union, renders their performances now of the most finished character, and the Manchester people are indebted to Mr. Banks for the opportunity of hearing them in a room so much more suitable for such concerts than the Philharmonic Hall, at which they last appeared. Mr. Banks accompanied most of the solos, and "Blow, gentle gales," with his usual ability.—Mr. Charles Hallé's hand is not well yet; consequently he is prevented from appearing at his concert this week.—MM. Sainton, Piatti, Baetens, Carrodus, Waud, Grose, Chisholm, and Edwards, have been engaged. Mendelssohn's posthumous quartet in F minor, and Beethoven's *Septet* are to be given.—I am very much grieved to hear of Sir Henry R. Bishop's mournful position. Sickness in old age, accompanied by penury, is a melancholy termination to the labour and career of one of the first of our living English composers! Surely this is a case deserving attention in high quarters.—[We quite agree with our correspondent.—Ed. M. W.]

DUBLIN.—(From a Correspondent.)—The popular Jullien has been among us, attracting, like a loadstone, every lover of music to his entertainments. Well does the sagacious *chef-d'orchestre* know the bait that will draw harmonious "Paddy" to his hook. His concerts have been crammed, and they deserved their fate, for never were musical performances made more acceptable to all parties and all tastes. For those who like serious music, M. Jullien provides admirable selections from Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn; and to those to whom gaiety is the "essential" point, he presents his own clever and characteristic quadrilles, waltzes, and polkas. The overture to *Heimkehr* (a comic operetta by Mendelssohn) is one of the most charming specimens of its author; and we cannot be too grateful to M. Jullien for introducing it to the "multitude." It was listened to with delight and applauded with fervour. The movement from one of Beethoven's Symphonies was a treat of the highest order, and we only regretted not hearing the entire work. Miss Dolby, a great favourite with the Dublin public, sang Mozart's lovely aria, "L'Addio," in a manner that delighted her hearers, and won unbounded applause for the vocalist. Mad. Pleyel only performed once; but the impression she made will not be easily effaced—her beautiful touch and brilliant execution will long remain in the memory of those who listened to her. A new violinist, M. Monasterio, a very young artist, but one of uncommon talent, made his *début* in Dublin, and his suc-

cess was decided. M. Jullien was received with every demonstration of favour; and his stirring and irresistible "Allied Army Quadrilles" was by no means one of the least attractive *morceaux* in the bills. This was applauded to the echo, and the national airs in the last movement were encored with real Irish enthusiasm. The other concerts were equally successful, and the Rotunda crammed to suffocation on each occasion.

READING.—On Wednesday the 28th ultimo, two concerts were given at the New Hall, under the auspices of Mr. Beale. The morning attendance was limited, attributable partly to the fact of its being Lent, and partly, perhaps, to some ill-natured reports that had been circulated throughout the town, that Miss Birch, was not the Miss Birch. The evening performance was fully attended, and the audience were delighted with the performances. Rode's air, with variations, sung by Miss Birch, was encored. "The sailor sighs," a duet, by Miss Birch and Mr. Alfred Pierre, was greatly admired. Mr. Bodda, in "Kitty Tyrell," an Irish melody, by Glover, was encored, and Mr. Pierre sang "Good bye, sweetheart," well. Mr. Beale's children, a little boy and girl, performed a duet on the piano and violin, with great taste and execution, giving much promise of a successful career.

HUDDERSFIELD.—A dress concert, under the management of Mr. Thomas Hinchcliffe, took place in the Philosophical Hall, on Wednesday evening, the 28th ult. The audience was numerous and respectable, and the singing of Masters Giles and Appleyard, Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Whitham, and Miss Freeman, gained much applause. Mr. Hinchcliffe has for some weeks past been suffering from sickness, and was unable to take part in the concert, but his absence was compensated for by Mr. Winn. Mr. Batty's Glee and Madrigal Society appeared for the first time in Huddersfield, and were well received. The pianists were Messrs. Burton and Wood.

IBID.—The oratorio of "Judas Maccabeus," was given in the Music Hall on Monday evening, the 26th ult., under distinguished patronage, in aid of the Patriotic Fund. The execution was one of the most satisfactory we have heard. The performers were Mrs. Sunderland, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Weiss, solo vocalists, and a band and chorus, numbering upwards of 150, and Mr. Spark the conductor. Mrs. Sunderland unfortunately had a cold, which prevented her doing herself full justice. She, however, exerted herself to the utmost. The band was ably led by Mr. Willey and Mr. Bowling, and the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Societies assisted the chorus, which was very effective. The room was decorated with flags and other devices. On the walls were the words "Alma," "Balaklava," "Inkerman," "Silistria," and under the gallery, "God Save the Queen." It is to be regretted that the concert did not receive more general support from the middle and higher classes. Only about 160 reserved seats were taken. The committee of management spared neither pains nor expense, and were aided by donations from the Right Hon. M. T. Baines, M.P. (£5), J. Brown, Esq., High Sheriff of Yorkshire (£15), E. Denison, Esq., M.P. (£5), and John Gott, Esq. (£5). With the public apathy may be also contrasted the liberality of the tradesmen and musical professors and amateurs, who rendered valuable and gratuitous services on the occasion. Great praise is due to Mr. Spark, the conductor, for the manner in which the oratorio was produced.

CHELTENHAM.—A concert of Welsh music took place at the Montpellier Rotunda, on St. David's Day. The encores proved that the minstrelsy of Wales was appreciated. The instrumental accompaniments were under the direction of Mr. Evans. The chorus was mainly supported by the choir of St. John's Church; Master Luker sang "The Rose of Llan Meilan," and Mrs. Powell the "Bending the shoe," with great taste. Among the best points were the bass songs of Mr. Thomas, and the fantasia of Mr. Sebastian Mills on the piano. A concertina performance of Master Willie Evans made a pleasing effect; in the Welsh melodies he obtained an encore.

IBID.—Mr. W. S. Woodin is giving his entertainment of the "Carpet Bag and Sketch Book" with success.

LIVERPOOL.—Amongst the attractions at the Concert Hall, on Saturday evening, was Doctor White (Mus. Doc.), who lately gave the evenings of Zanghiz Achmed, at Hime's Music Hall.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—It is necessary to inform advertisers that we cannot undertake to extract advertisements ourselves, for insertion, from other papers. Whatever advertisements are intended for the *MUSICAL WORLD* must be sent to the Office by the proper authorities or their agents. This will render all mistakes impossible for the future.

In accordance with a new Postal Regulation, it is absolutely necessary that all copies of *THE MUSICAL WORLD*, transmitted through the post, should be folded so as to expose to view the red stamp.

It is requested that all letters and papers for the Editor be addressed to the Editor of the *Musical World*, 23, Holles Street; and all business communications to the Publishers, at the same address.

CORRESPONDENTS are requested to write on one side of the paper only, as writing on both sides necessitates a great deal of trouble in the printing.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. T. H. FOWLE.—We can make no conditions respecting the insertion of advertisements. The words of the hymn are unsuited to our pages; nor can we undertake, as a matter of course, to review anything whatever.

E. B. F. (Clifton).—Had our Correspondent applied sooner, we could have afforded a larger and more detailed account of the concert.

L. Z.—U. C. means *une corde* (the soft pedal down); T. C. means *trois cordes* (the large pedal down).

STOCKTONIENSIS.—Apply to Mr. W. Chappell—Cramer, Beale, & Co.—He is one of the best authorities.

AMATEUR.—The *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens et Bibliographie Générale de la Musique*—by M. F. T. FETIS—published at Brussels. This is the most complete and most comprehensive work with which we are acquainted.

MR. HENRY PHILLIPS.—We had already received a communication on the subject, from our Manchester Correspondent.

MARRIED.

On the 3rd inst., at Marylebone Church, by the Rev. R. Barrows, Thos. Blackburne, Esq., M.A., Queen's College, Oxford, to Helena, only daughter of the late Madame Dulcken.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 10TH, 1855.

WE are anxious to give as much publicity as lies in our power to the following paragraph, from the *Manchester Examiner*, which we have read with no less surprise than regret:

"SIR HENRY BISHOP.—We noticed in the *Manchester Daily Times*, of yesterday, the fact that the veteran English composer, Sir Henry Bishop, is now confined to a sick bed, whilst his pecuniary circumstances are such that he may be considered in a state of absolute destitution. We have seen a letter to this effect, addressed by Mr. Henry Phillips to the secretary of the Gentlemen's Glee Club of this town, Mr. Samuel E. Cottam. Glad are we to find that Manchester is likely to maintain its character for generosity on such occasions, and that an effort on the part of a few individuals to get up something like temporary relief has been at once responded to. A subscription list is opened at the music-warehouse of Messrs. Hime and Co., St. Ann's-square, and many there are in this town and neighbourhood who only require the intimation to be ready with their assistance. But there are those in the metropolis who should have prevented the humiliation of such an appeal. The works of Sir Henry Bishop have given popularity to many of our vocalists, and put money into the purses of eminent publishers: whilst the concerts which Sir Henry conducted for many years, had for patrons its prince and its lords, spiritual and temporal. What are these men doing to suffer the most eminent of English composers, either of the past or the present school, to be reduced to the wretched condition of asking for bread? This eminent man, whose beautiful productions—graceful and delicate, frequently ennobling in sentiment—have given delight to thousands annually, spreading an influence for

good throughout all classes, should scarcely have been left to miscellaneous charity so long as there was a shilling to spare in the civil list."

That Manchester should "maintain its character for generosity," is only what was to be expected; but the reproach to the metropolis is ill directed. Nothing whatever, we may safely say, was known, either in musical or amateur circles, about the "sick bed," and the "absolute destitution," of Sir Henry Bishop. On the contrary, the "sick bed," at least, could hardly have been suspected by those who saw Sir Henry at Mr. Mitchell's first Afternoon Vocal Concert—superintending the performance of his own glees, and accompanying one or two of them himself on the pianoforte—on Tuesday, in the Hanover Square Rooms. The date of the *Manchester Examiner*, containing a description of the unhappy circumstances under which our highly esteemed composer was presumed to be labouring, is March 7th, and yet, on the previous day (March 6), he was seen and applauded by a large audience, as aforesaid.

Nevertheless, it is scarcely requisite for us to add that the cause of such a man as Sir Henry Bishop will never want the earnest advocacy of the *Musical World*, and that, if the case be clearly explained to us, we are ready, not only to open our columns to every suggestion that may be offered, but to make a direct appeal to our readers and the musical public generally in his behalf. With this profession we must, for the present, quit the subject, promising, however, to return to it without delay. Meanwhile, our Manchester contemporary may rest assured that "those in the metropolis" will not be very far behind "those of the cotton districts" in their consideration for one who has done so much for music, and who, as an Englishman, possesses a double claim on the sympathies of his brother-professors and compatriots.

THE case of M. Meyerbeer is a singular one. On the strength of what is termed the "International Copyright Act," ratified and exchanged some years since between Prussia and England, the celebrated composer imagined that he possessed a right to make such arrangements as best consorted with his own views and interests about the publication and performance of his last opera, *L'Etoile du Nord*, in this country. Anyone but a lord legal, or a lord judicial, would have told him that his claims were unquestionable, since the international copyright law was plainly established for the mutual protection of British and Prussian subjects in either country. No such thing, however, would seem to be the case. The recent decision of the House of Lords appears to have upset and confused European notions of copyright altogether; and nobody knows now what is his own, or what belongs to others. As a precaution, and with the notion of protecting the publishers who had bought his copyright, as well as his own right in this and future works, M. Meyerbeer caused an advertisement to be inserted in the London papers, to the following effect:—

MEYERBEER'S NEW OPERA.—Unauthorized editions of portions of my works having appeared, I hereby give notice, that I have sold the copyright, for the British Dominions, of my new opera *L'Etoile du Nord*, to Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., of Regent-street, and they and Mr. Chappell, of New Bond-street, alone in England, have my authority to publish any of the music of *L'Etoile du Nord*, including also those pieces from the *Camp of Silesia* that I have introduced into the opera of *L'Etoile du Nord*. I have also accorded to them the right of publishing my *Marche aux Flambeaux*, and the *Ninety-first Psalm*, that I have composed.
Giacomo Meyerbeer.
Paris, March 30, 1854.

This, any single-minded person would have thought, deserved some kind of attention and respect. But not at all. One of the musical *fibustiers* (freebooters—smugglers) in whom this great city abounds, has appropriated to his own uses as much of the music of *L'Etoile du Nord* as seemed to him fit; and lo! the books of the *libretto*, sold at Drury Lane Theatre, are adorned and illustrated by the choicest *motivi* of the opera, in order to give the auditor a key to the music, as well as to the words and the plot—a key, by the way, which the performance rendered somewhat imperative.

When, in opposition to the composer's frequently expressed wishes, and in contempt of his indisputable right, the English version of *L'Etoile du Nord* was produced by Mr. Smith at Drury Lane, the *Times*, the *Morning Herald*, and the *Musical World*, in their reviews of the performance, called attention to the well-known fact that M. Meyerbeer had protested against it. Mr. Smith, however, indignant, forthwith addressed the subjoined letter to the *Times* :—

L'ETOILE DU NORD.

To the Editor of The Times.

SIR,—However much I may disagree with some of the opinions expressed in your to-day's notice of *L'Etoile du Nord*, I have, you will say, no right to find fault with them. Granted; but I am sure that your well-known and undeviating adherence to the great maxim, "Fiat justitia," etc., will induce you to give publicity to the following short correction of your, no doubt, unintentional misstatement of the facts.

In your criticism, you say that you think it was unfair to M. Meyerbeer to produce his opera notwithstanding his remonstrance. Now, sir, when I tell you that Mr. Reynoldson, by my direction, offered M. Meyerbeer 500 guineas merely to come over and superintend the production of his opera, giving him *carte blanche* as to all engagements—in short, the whole and sole control of all arrangements connected with it, I think you will acquit me on the charge of unfairness. M. Meyerbeer in his reply "did not remonstrate," he merely said that he had otherwise disposed of his work in this country. The following are his exact words:—"Tout en vous remerciant, Monsieur, des termes flatteuses et aimables que contient votre lettre, de la confiance que vous voulez bien avoir dans la valeur de mon ouvrage, et des offres pécuniaires que vous me faites, j'ai le regret de ne pas pouvoir me rendre à vos desirs, car j'ai déjà disposé autrement de mon ouvrage pour l'Angleterre." Now, I never asked M. Meyerbeer's permission to play the opera, because I was always aware that I did not require it. Consequently, the above offer was made solely to secure the most efficient possible reading of his great work. As I said before, I will not attempt to combat the opinions advanced in your criticism. The public must decide between us. They have judged, are judging, favourably; they are gratified and satisfied, and, of course, I am gratified and satisfied too. Fair play, I ask no more—fair play for the players, vocal and instrumental. I have Tolbecque, Nadaud, Prospère, Barret, the Griesbachs, Mount, Paque, Mann, etc., in that orchestra which you flagnellate so unkindly.

Sincerely thanking you for the very flattering terms in which you have spoken of some parts of *L'Etoile du Nord*, I have the honour to remain, your obedient servant,

E. T. SMITH.

Such easy off-hand coolness is almost without example. Mr. Smith, with pretended courtesy, solicits the great foreign musician to come to London and preside at an execution of his work, which, in all probability, would have caused him a fit of apoplexy—"foudroyante," as the French say. He (Mr. Smith) knew perfectly well in advance, that 5000 guineas, much less 500, would not have induced M. Meyerbeer to submit to such an indignity; and his proposal was consequently as unmeaning as it was disingenuous.

Moreover, he (Mr. Smith) boasts, with a kind of swagger, in his letter to *The Times*, that he had no idea whatever of asking the permission of the composer to produce his opera. Why, then, write at all?—or why, having written, supposing the offer to have been meant seriously, produce the opera at all, after receiving an answer in which the writer says

that he has already otherwise disposed of his work in England. The magnificent proposal of a "*carte blanche*," etc., was, as every one knows who knows anything of the state and resources of that unhappy theatre in "the Lane" (once our glory, now our shame!), utter moonshine. The result has proved it beyond further controversy.

Now, when we inform our readers, that, not only M. Meyerbeer *did protest* against the performance (which Mr. Smith so bluntly denies), over and over again, but that he actually commenced legal proceedings—which cost him 2,000 francs at the outset, and which were only suspended because his London solicitor advised him that 10,000 might be incurred in an incredibly short space of time, and without any definite result—we think that Mr. Smith's case will be generally pronounced a very bad one, to say nothing more significant.

M. Brandus, of Paris, the agent, friend, and publisher of M. Meyerbeer, has addressed a letter to a gentleman in London, which has been placed in our hands, and from which we are permitted to print some extracts (*literally translated*).

"Paris, No. 1, Boulevard des Italiens, March 5.

"MY DEAR ———, I was on the point of writing to the editors of the *Morning Herald*, *Times*, and *Musical World*, to thank them for having, in their articles, which I have just read, informed the public that the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre had produced *L'Etoile du Nord*, without the authorization of M. Meyerbeer, and even against his expressed desire, when I received the paper containing Mr. Smith's reclamation. This really passes all bounds. Such effrontery is unparalleled! What!—because M. Meyerbeer does this gentleman the honour to write to him in terms of politeness, he is to believe himself entitled to lay hands upon M. Meyerbeer's work and to massacre his music! What is the letter of M. Meyerbeer, of which Mr. Smith publishes a *part*, but a plain refusal?—expressed, it is true, in courteous language, but still, for all that, a refusal? In saying 'I have otherwise disposed of my opera,' is it not the same as saying, 'my opera is not for you?'

"It is so true that the manager of Drury Lane Theatre has produced the opera of M. Meyerbeer against the will and in spite of the protest of the composer, that, when the first announcement of the performance was advertised in the papers, M. Meyerbeer, confiding in his right, and persuaded that the laws of Great Britain would cause the international conventions to be respected, entered at once into legal proceedings against Mr. Smith. M. Buard, of 5 and 6 Chancery Lane, solicitor to the French Embassy, in London, was entrusted with the conduct of the action. The costs had already exceeded 2000 francs, when Mr. Beale calmly assured M. Meyerbeer that this was but a trifling commencement, and that the expenses might easily reach 10,000 francs, perhaps 20,000, without any certainty in the end of Mr. Smith being prevented from producing the *Etoile du Nord*! Under these circumstances, M. Meyerbeer was naturally not desirous of continuing the proceedings; but he instructed me to insert his protest in the public advertisements."

We have quoted enough. After this, what becomes of Mr. Smith's assurance to *The Times* that M. Meyerbeer "*did not remonstrate*?" Was an action at law no remonstrance? *Fi donc!* So long as such doings are tolerated in this country, so long will the much-talked of and ardently desired National Opera be a sheer impossibility.

ANY one desirous of being instructed in the events and topics of the day, may turn to the column of the *Times*, where the music-sellers' announcements are set forth, and in a few moments obtain a very general idea of what all the world is talking of. No act, invention, or discovery of any kind, indeed, can be deemed quite worthy a place in future annals which has not been punched and stereotyped upon emblazoned title-pages by patriotic vendors of polkas, songs, and galops. From the Bloomer mania to the Battle of Inkermann—from the birth of Uncle Tom to the death of Emperor Nick, the virtues, the follies, the vices, the glories of a century unusually prurient, have been duly marked and

illustrated by these warlike, amorous, patriotic, sentimental and even religious hucksters. The very day of "*Humiliation*" cannot escape. No sooner have the bishops got their end, and the populations, in sackcloth and ashes, are to offer up prayers (for the reformation of the staff and commissariat) and express contrition (at having lost an army through the blunders of their rulers), than Mr. Joseph Warren acknowledges "his transgressions,"* Mr. Hutchins Callcott supplicates for "peace in his time,"† and so on *ad nauseam*. Mr. Warren is probably anxious to humiliate himself before Händel, against whom he has transgressed by the appropriation of a slice of the immortal master's music to the mere purposes of hawking. But Mr. Callcott carries out to the letter the injunction of our Saviour, weeps "with those who weep," and rejoices "with those who rejoice."

A few months ago, the plentiful harvest inspired Mr. Callcott to compose a hymn of thanksgiving. At present his sympathies are aroused by opposite influences, and the times being dismal and dark, he has arranged six dreary "*Songs in the Night*," such as Job might have longed for in his hours of bitter trial. (*Job* 35, v. 10.) These are published in an elegant volume, price seven shillings, and "form a very suitable gift for the present time of trouble." We trust the album may have a good sale, and prove a source of comfort to the considerate minstrel himself, whenever his own "time of trouble" arrives—which we invoke Mahomet to keep far distant.

We have been informed that our young ladies turn up their pretty noses now at any ballad, no matter by whom, that does not breathe the spirit of the age in every line of the verse and every bar of the music. If this be true, our composers and poets, our Linleys and our Fowles, are not to be blamed for walking in the footsteps of others before them, and bending the necks of their muses to the exigencies of the hour. And yet, in another point of view, what a sorry figure music is made to "cut," in being thus forced into unnatural association with the sordid views of pedlars, to whom famine or glut, peace or war, joy or misery, the rise or downfall of mighty nations, are all one, so they can but turn a penny!

* "I acknowledge my transgressions"—from Händel, by Joseph Warren.

† "Give peace in our time, O Lord,"—by Hutchins Callcott.

No sooner does Sig. Costa resign the *bâton* than his retainers throw off their allegiance!

We have no wish to recur to the Costa-Bennett affair, which first threw the Philharmonic Society off its legs, and set the seven directors by the ears; but we just make this allusion, in order that our readers may understand what follows.

Every one is aware that an ukase of Sig. Costa drove Mr. Sterndale Bennett and his compositions clean out of the Philharmonic orchestra. Every one knows that, when it was to be decided between Costa and Bennett, between the Neapolitan and the Englishman, between the author of *Malek Adel* and the author of *The Naiads*, the directors of the Philharmonic—a Frenchman, a German, and four Englishmen (Mr. Bennett himself made the seventh)—the foreigner was chosen, and the Englishman cashiered.

Well—Signor Costa has retired from the conductorship, on the best terms, be it understood, with the present directors. (He cannot be distracted from oratorio by sym-

phony. He must be prepared for the festival at Birmingham.) But the *bâton* is still warm from his hands, when the Philharmonic directors invite Mr. Bennett to perform one of his own concertos (*cave canem!*), at the first concert, next Monday! *Mirabile dictu!* It is true, nevertheless—one of his own concertos!

Mr. Bennett, of course, it will be said, accepts. Not exactly. Mr. Bennett is too much of an artist, and too much of a gentleman. His reply was something to this effect:—"You would not allow Miss Goddard to play one of my concertos, at your concerts in 1853; but you offered her the choice of playing anything else. Miss Goddard, however, preferring to sacrifice herself rather than offer a slight to me, and to my music, abandoned what to her would have been a great professional advantage, a step onward in her career. I have not forgotten, and shall never forget this. How can I, moreover, do that which, while you thought Miss Goddard clever enough to play at your concerta, you considered it unfit for her to do—play one of my concertos?"

Not in these words, but to this effect, Mr. Bennett replied. His reply was worthy of him. He has had his revenge upon the Philharmonic Society, which treated him with such small consideration; he has shared his triumph with Miss Goddard, and the yare now no more indebted for anything to each other but mutual respect and good will.

If the members of the musical profession invariably acted in this manner, they would go up 100 per cent. in the estimation of the world.

GRISI AND MARIO.—These great artists have arrived in London from their tour in the United States of America. They reached Liverpool on Monday, by the *Amérique du Nord*, and set off for town immediately.

CLARA WIECK-SCHUMANN.—A letter has been received by Mr. Sterndale Bennett, with whom this eminent pianist was to have stayed as a guest during her proposed residence in England, stating that, in consequence of the precarious state of her husband's health, she has decided, in obedience to the advice of his medical counsellors, upon not visiting London this season.

MR. FREDERICK GYE, director of the Royal Italian Opera, has been some time in Berlin, transacting business in communication with the great lyric establishment in Covent Garden.

M. JULIEN has just finished his provincial tour, which has been pre-eminently successful. Since Dublin, he has visited Liverpool, Bradford, Birmingham, Nottingham, Leicester, etc. At the first three towns, Herr Ernst played with extraordinary success. Madame Pleyel did not appear at the Liverpool concert, being indisposed; but Herr Ernst quite satisfied the audience by performing an extra *morceau*.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was repeated last night, to another very crowded audience. The singers were as before—Mad. Novello, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, with Messrs. Smythson and A. Novello for the "false witnesses." We are glad to find that Mr. Sims Reeves is recovering from his severe attack of influenza, and fast regaining the strength and quality of his magnificent voice.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—The 117th anniversary "festival" of this Society was held at Freemasons' Hall on Monday evening, the Lord Mayor in the chair, supported on one side by Sheriff Muggerridge, on the other by Sheriff Crossley. There was a full attendance of members and their friends; the dinner was ample if not *recherché*, and the music plentiful and varied. Nearly £100 was realised from donations. Next week we shall give details. At present we have only time to say, that the great feature of the concert was the playing of Herr Ernst, who was received with an enthusiasm almost unexampled. The Society has not forgotten his liberal donation of £74, in 1844. But of this, and other interesting matters, by and bye.

HARMONIC UNION.

On Wednesday evening there was a performance of Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. The first is too much for the reduced vocal and instrumental forces of this society, and the execution was very cloudy. The *Stabat Mater*, which is comparatively a *bagatelle*, so far as difficulties are concerned, went much better. The solo vocalists in the *Lobgesang* were Miss Chambers and Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves; in the *Stabat Mater*, Misses Lascelles and Rhemmio, Mrs. Sims Reeves, Mr. Herbert (who promptly officiated in the second part of the concert in place of Mr. Reeves) and Mr. Weiss. Herr Molique was the conductor. We should like to see this great musician at the head of a greater orchestra. The room (Hanover-square) was very full, and the music seemed to be thoroughly appreciated—especially the *Stabat*, which has charms for the laity that the laity know not how to resist, and, like ordinary pleasure-seekers, would not care to resist, if they knew how. It is not sacred music for all that; on the contrary, it is very profane indeed.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The fourth concert took place on Monday evening, with the following programme:—

PART I.			
Overture—"L'Italiana in Algieri"	-	-	Rossini.
Song—"Angels' Voices"	-	-	S. W. Waley.
Concerto—pianoforte—G minor	-	-	Mendelssohn.
PART II.			
Symphony in C minor	-	-	Beethoven.
Romance—"La Cloche de la Prière"	-	-	Benedict.
Duetto from <i>Il Trovatore</i> —"Se m'amai ancor"	-	-	Verdi.
Overture—"Preciosa"	-	-	Weber.

Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie.

On the whole, this was the weakest performance of the season. Mr. J. R. Christine has much to acquire before he can master such difficulties as are to be found in Mendelssohn's first pianoforte concerto. His execution was unfinished, slow, and otherwise open to animadversion. The symphony on the whole went well: but there was of course much to desire, especially from the *scherzo* on to the end. The overture of Weber was not so nicely played as that of Rossini, in which the clear and legitimate tone of Mr. A. Pollock, on the oboe, could not fail to court attention.

Mrs. Tennent sang Mr. Waley's clever song smoothly; Mr. Tennent that of Mr. Benedict (composed for Mario) not quite so well; and Verdi's duet might have gone a great deal better. Mr. Benedict accompanied the songs. The room was fashionably attended. The fourth concert promises. There is a good programme; and we have no doubt the performance will be nearer to the *best* amateur "mark."

AFTERNOON VOCAL CONCERTS.

UNDER this title, Mr. Mitchell inaugurated, on Tuesday, at the Hanover-square Rooms, before a fashionable assembly, a series of concerts, to be devoted expressly to "glees, quartets, and concerted music," by Sir Henry R. Bishop. The speculation will succeed, we think, and we hope so, as much for the sake of Sir R. Bishop, who superintends, as of Mr. Mitchell, who has (we understand) liberally undertaken it for the benefit of the veteran composer.

The glee-singers engaged for the concerts are Masters Sullivan, Cooke, Malsch, E. Norman, Messrs. Francis, Benson, Lawler, and H. Buckland—all male voices, unless the boys may be regarded as females, which they may not, although trebles. This efficient force sang, in a very agreeable manner, the following selection:—

PART I:—"Now by day's retiring lamp," concerted piece; "Come forth, sweet Spirit" (address to the Moon), glee; "The Fisherman's good night," glee; "Breathe my harp," quartet; "Though he be now a grey, grey Friar," concerted piece.

PART II:—"The Savoyard from clime to clime," quartet, etc.; "Sleep, gentle Lady," quartet; "Where art thou, beam of light?" glee; "Hark! Apollo strikes the lyre," glee; "Stay, pry thee stay," aet. et.

The audience, well pleased, encored three pieces—"The Fisher-

man's good night," "Sleep, gentle lady," and "Hark! Apollo." Sir H. Bishop, who was heartily greeted, accompanied "Though he be now a grey, grey, friar" (one of his best compositions) on the pianoforte; and Mr. Land the others. In "Breathe, my harp," and "Hark! Apollo," there was a harp accompaniment. The next performance comes off to-day. We have more to say, however, both about these concerts and Sir Henry Bishop; but just now we have our hands full.

DRAMATIC.

LYCEUM.—Take that *Girl Away* is the name of a two-act comedieta, or more properly, farce, produced at this theatre on Monday night. It is at the same time extravagant and amusing, improbable and exciting; and if not one of the most consistent, is not one of the least ingenious concoctions of the Palais-Royal. The variability of man's temperament is the groundwork of the plot. English comedy furnishes us with many samples of this species of character—vide Holcroft, Murphy, Morton, and O'Keefe—but certainly none so novel and eccentric as the artist in M.M. Labiche and Marc Michel's *Otez votre fille s'il vous plaît*—the original piece. A young artist, full of everything but common sense, is painting his grand historical picture of the "Battle of Marathon" in his atelier at Notting-hill. He is interrupted, and indeed annoyed, in his work, by the appearance, in an opposite balcony, of a young lady, who is always sunning herself during the day. His temper cannot brook this. He rushes over the way and expostulates with the father on the impropriety of allowing his daughter to expose herself and interrupt his business. The father orders him peremptorily to quit the room, but the artist has fallen in love with Isabel and proposes for her, when the father is still more indignant, and a scuffle ensues, in which the artist sinks into a chair as if killed, when everybody rushes off for a surgeon but Isabel, who really faints away. The artist, seeing the way made clear for him, jumps from his chair and wheels Isabel across the road to his own room. Here he locks her up, but is locked up in turn by the father of Isabel and her intended—a vendor of oysters. A conversation takes place, through the door, in which the father finds out that the painter is of more substance than the vendor of oysters; and induces him, being a shrewd father and a politic, to take the side of art versus fish. The vendor of oysters, an entreatable man, called Scollop, agrees to take Isabel's sister, Jenny, instead of Isabel's self. No sooner is the painter sure of Isabel, than his admiration cools; and his heart fires towards Jenny, whom he has seen in a towering passion; but Isabel coming in, and showing herself in a still more towering passion, upon beholding him in dangerous proximity with Jenny, his heart fires back to his first love, and he takes her for better, for worse; although a sly look at Jenny, before the curtain falls, suggests that a hot word or so might imperil all arrangements. The vendor of oysters remains as quiescent throughout all the bustle as one of his own crustacea.

No character could have suited Mr. Charles Mathews better than that of the vacillating artist, whose sudden and unaccountable changes were depicted by him with a seriousness and coolness grotesquely comic. The incidents of the piece, however, are hardly broad enough for an English mixed audience, and the dialogue is too refined and *recherché*, although it has been to some extent rendered into tolerably rough vernacular.

The other parts are represented by Messrs. Basil Baker, Swan, and Frank Matthews, with pretty Miss M. Oliver for the heroine—in regard to whom few of the sterner sex would be inclined to say, *Otez-moi ça!*

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—On Monday evening a free translation of M. Scribe's new play, *La Carline*, by W. Markwell, Esq., was produced at this elegant theatre, and much applauded. We published some time ago a description of the plot, in a letter from one of our Paris correspondents; and, as Mr. Markwell has altered nothing essential but the names of the personages, we need not recur to it. The arduous and difficult part of the *Carline* (Catherine) was creditably attempted by Miss Elsworth, who, if not a fine actress, is a very fine woman, and that is hardly to be despised. Peter, the Czar (the "great" Peter), was personified by Mr. Marcus Elmore, whose chief dramatic

expedient seems to be an incessant movement of the eyes (he, too, has "a great expression of eye"). The other parts were indifferently filled by Messrs. Herbert, C. Vincent, Sidney, Johnson, and Jones, Misses St. Clair, and Suse Elsworth. The piece is got up in Mrs. Seymour's usual liberal and appropriate style. After the actors had been brought forward at the fall of the curtain, there was a grand call for the author, who, however, was apparently too modest to "show;" and the audience were obliged to be satisfied with hearing, from the lips of Mr. Sidney Yermoloff, that the English for "M. Scribe" was "Mr. Markwell." After the Russian tragedy, Mrs. Seymour's admirable acting in the comedietta of *Art* made ample amends for the common-place histrionic efforts that preceded it; and the performances terminated with the ballet of *The Dancing Scotchman*, in which the extreme activity and grotesque buffoonery of a Mr. Forrest, from Edinburgh, united to the clever dancing of Misses Elise and St. Clair, together with a "ravishing" troop of *Coryphées*, sent the audience away thoroughly well pleased. The *Northern Star* (such is the not very significant English title of *La Czarine*) was announced for performance, and has been performed every evening during the week.

OPERA AND ORCHESTRA.

MODERN lyric poetry had its rise among the Provençals; and those who have undertaken to give the history of the theatre, seem rather disposed to derive the origin of theatrical entertainments (tragedy and comedy) from the same source, than from models left by Greece and Rome. But a distinction is to be made between tragedy and comedy, and moralities, mysteries, masques, serenatas, and, above all, musical tragedy—or, has it long been called, Opera. The first have an undoubted claim to antiquity; the last had its rise in times on which we look back with no other view than to estimate the improvement made in the course of centuries.

Italian writers have taken great pains to ascertain the origin of the musical drama, or opera. Riccoboni, in his "*Réflexions historiques et critiques sur les différents Théâtres de L'Europe*," who has collected their opinions, dates the public exhibition of operas from 1637, when the opera of *Andromache* was performed at the theatre of San Cassano at Venice. Dryden, on the contrary, confesses himself unable to get any information about the time when the opera began, or about the first author; but believes that "Some Italians having curiously observed the gallantries of the Spanish Moors at their Zambras, or royal feasts—where music, songs, and dancing were in perfection, together with their machines at their running at the ring, and other solemnities—might have refined upon these Moresque amusements, and produced this pleasing kind of drama, by leaving out the warlike part, and forming a poetical design to introduce more naturally the machines, music, and dancing." In another place, however, the poet retracts, and says that possibly the Italians did not go so far as Spain for the invention of their operas, for they might have taken the hint at home, and formed their drama by gathering up the shipwrecks of the Grecian and Roman theatres, adorned (especially the Grecian) with music, scenes, dances, and machines. He even goes so far as to observe, that though the opera is a modern invention, it is built on the Ethnic worship. Thus, if Dryden's opinion have any foundation, when attending a theatrical entertainment, we participate in a pleasure condemned by the laws of Christianity.

Writers of some credit ascribe the invention of the musical drama, or opera, to Emilio Cavaliere, who, in 1590, exhibited in the palace of the Grand Duke at Florence, *Il Satiro* and *La Disperazione di Sileno*, two pastoral dramas set to music. This, however, does not ascertain the original invention, which must have been in 1480, or earlier. "Notwithstanding these relations," says Hawkins, in his "History of the Science and Practice of Music," "it is insisted on by many that the musical drama, or opera, was invented by Ottavio Rinuccini, a native of Florence—a man of wit, handsome in person, polite, eloquent, and a very good poet." It is said of him that he entertained a passion for Mary de Medicis, and followed her to France, where he succeeded, notwithstanding, so well in obtaining the favour of Henry IV., to whom she was married, that the king made him one of the

gentlemen of his bed-chamber. But Rinuccini's passion did not deter him from literary studies, and he enriched Italian poetry with verses, composed after the manner of Anacreon, besides writing other pieces which were set to music and acted on the stage. His first composition was a pastoral called *Daphne*, which, being merely an attempt to introduce this species of musical entertainment, was performed to a select audience. The merit attributed to it encouraged him to write an opera called *Euridice*. The music, both to *Daphne* and *Euridice*, was composed by Jacopo Peri, said to have been the inventor of recitative. *Euridice* was represented at Florence in 1600, upon occasion of the marriage of Mary de Medicis with Henry IV. Rinuccini dedicated his opera to the queen, and in his preface speaks in the following terms, both of his work, and the favour with which it was received:—

"It has been the opinion of many persons, most excellent queen, that the ancient Greeks and Romans sung their tragedies throughout on the stage; but so noble a manner of recitation has not, that I know of, been ever attempted by any one till now; and this I thought was owing to the defect of the modern music, the dramatic music of the fifteenth century, which is far inferior to the ancient. But Jacopo Peri made me entirely alter my opinion, when, upon hearing my intention, he so elegantly set to music the pastoral of *Daphne*, which I composed merely to make a trial of the power of vocal music in our age; it pleased to an incredible degree those few that heard it. From this I took courage: the same piece being put into better form and represented anew in the house of Signor Peri, was not only favoured by all the nobility of the country, but heard and commended by the most serene Grand Duchess, and the most illustrious Cardinals dal Monte and Montalto. But the *Euridice* has met with still more favour and success, being set to music by the same Peri with wonderful art; and having been thought worthy to be represented on the stage, by the bounty and magnificence of the most serene grand duke, in the presence of your majesty, the cardinal legate, and so many princes and gentlemen of Italy and France; from whence, beginning to find how well musical representations of this kind were likely to be received, I resolved to publish these two, to the end that others, of greater abilities than myself, may be induced to carry on and improve this kind of poetry to such a degree, that we may have no occasion to envy those ancient pieces which are so much celebrated by noble writers."

It will not be without interest for the reader to know how Peri proceeded in the composition of the music to *Euridice*. Algarotti, a contemporary, has given a succinct narration in the following words:—

"When Peri had applied himself to an investigation of that species of musical imitation which would the readiest lend itself to the theatric exhibitions, he directed his researches to discover the method of the ancient Greeks on similar occasions. He carefully remarked what Italian words were, and what were not, capable of intonation; and was very exact in minuting down the several modes of pronunciation, and the proper accents to express grief, joy, and all the other affections of the human mind, with a view to make the base move in proper time—now with more energy, now with less, according to the nature of each. So scrupulous was he, that he attended to all the niceties and peculiarities of Italian language, and frequently consulted with several gentlemen not less celebrated for the delicacy of their ears than for their skill in the arts of music and poetry. The conclusion from this inquiry was, that the ground-work of the imitation proposed should be an harmony following nature step by step, in a medium between common speaking and melody."

The last account, especially, shows that declamation had engrossed almost the whole attention of the composer, if we may call an uninterrupted series of recitatives musical composition. Nevertheless, an important step is made; we have the form of lyric drama, the *libretto*; and an important appendage, the *recitative*. It was shortly followed by further innovations and improvements. The same Rinuccini who had so well succeeded in his *Euridice*, wrote another opera, *Ariadne*, which he entrusted to Claudio Monteverde, at that time in high reputation, and who was *maestro di capella* to the Republic of Venice. Of *Ariadne*, nothing has been transmitted to us. But Monteverde was indebted for his repute to another opera, *Orfeo*, represented at Mantua a few years after the *Euridice* of Peri, in 1607. We are not informed whether the latter contained anything more than recitatives. But *Orfeo*, it is said, consisted of airs, duets, trios, and choruses, as well, and was the first opera ever

printed with the music. A peculiarity which again separates it from its predecessors is that it was instrumental; and to it must be traced the first orchestra of which history makes mention. The structure of the drama was quite unlike that of modern opera. In the performance no accompaniment of the whole orchestra was required; but the airs performed by the singers and choruses was supported by instruments of different kinds, assigned as follows:—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:—*La musica-prologo*, accompanied by—*stromenti**—2 *clavicembali*; Orfeo, by 2 *contrabassi di viola*; Euridice, by 10 *viola da braccio*; Choro di ninfe a pastori, by 1 *arpa doppia*; Speranzi, by 2 *violini piccoli alla Francese*; Caronte, by 2 *chitaroni*; Chori di spiriti infernali, by 2 *organi di legno*; Proserpina, by 3 *bassi da gamba*; Plutone, by 4 *tromboni*; Apollo, by 1 *regale*; Choro da pastori, by 1 *flautina alla vigesima seconda*, and 1 *clarino con*, 3 *trombe sordine*.

The performance terminated with a kind of dance called *Moresca*, which may be considered as the origin of the ballet, now a necessary appendage of the lyric drama, or grand opera. This *Moresca* was an instrumental composition in five parts, conjectured to be the tune of a dance after the fashion of the Moors, who, long before, had settled in Spain, and introduced many customs adopted in other countries.

By the first personage is to be understood the genius of music, who sometimes speaks in that character at large. There was also

* The *clavicembalo* is the Italian appellation for a harpsichord.

The *contrabassi di viola* are supposed to mean viols, of a size between the tenor viol and violin.

The *viola da braccio*, of which, it is to be observed, there are ten required in the performance of this opera, were clearly the arm-viol or tenor-viol; the term *da braccio* being used in contradistinction to *da gamba*, which is appropriated to that species of base viol which, in the performance, is held between the knees.

The *arpa doppia* seems to be the double-string harp, an instrument, which, though by some said to have been invented by the Welsh, and by others by the Irish, was very well known at that time.

The *violini piccoli alla Francese* must, in strictness, signify small violins. It is probable that by *violini piccoli* we are to understand common treble violins; and this is the more likely, as violins are nowhere else mentioned in the catalogue of instruments now under consideration.

The noun *chitaroni* is the nominative case plural of *chitarra*, of which the word *guitar* is manifestly a derivative.

Organi di legno, of which two are here required, can signify nothing but organs of wood, that is to say, organs with wooden pipes; for it is well known that most organs are composed both of wooden and leaden pipes.

The *bassi da gamba* were clearly viols held between the knees, described above.

The *tromboni* could be no other than trumpets, concerning which it is unnecessary in this place to be particular.

Regale or *regal*, means a small portable organ, probably with pipes of metal.

Cornetti were probably instruments of the form of our cornet-à-pistons without the valves, which are a modern contrivance. This cornet, in use at the time of Monteverde, was some time after out of use. It was revived, however, and improved by the addition of the modern pistons.

The *flautina alla vigesima seconda* merits a particular inquiry.

It is well known that of the flute *flauto* there are various sizes smaller than that formerly used in concerts, and which was therefore called the *concert flute*; and that of these the lowest note, though nominally F, must, in power, answer to that sound in the great system, to which it corresponds in a regular course of succession upwards; for this reason the sized flute, whose lowest note F was in unison with the note F in the acutes, was called an *octave-flute*. Un *flautina alla vigesima seconda*, by parity of reason, must therefore mean a *treble octave-flute*, that is, a flute whose nominal F was, by the smallness of the instrument, removed three octaves, measured by the interval of a twenty-second above its true and proper situation in the scale. A flute thus small, could not be much higher than the oaten reed so frequently mentioned by the pastoral poets.

The *clarino* is a small trumpet, perhaps an octave higher than the noble instrument of that name.

The *trombe sordine* were probably, trumpets of less shrill and piercing sound than those of this day; but this is only conjecture.

an overture, so called—a short prelude, eight measures of *breve* time in five parts, for a trumpet and other instruments, and consisting of two movements, the last termed *ritornello*, a word signifying the same as symphony. This composition, which the author called *toccata*, from *toccare*, to touch, was to be sounded three times before the rising of the curtain. To the overture succeeds the prologue, consisting of five speeches in recitative: the purport of these speeches severally, is to declare the argument of the opera, to excite attention, and to enjoin silence, not only on the audience, but on the birds, and even things inanimate. The opera then begins with a speech in recitative by a shepherd, succeeded by a chorus of five parts in counterpoint, to be sung to the sound of all the instruments. Other choruses are directed to be sung to the sound of guitars, violins, and flutes. Of solo airs there were none; but recitatives, choruses, and *ritornellos*, *terzetti* and *duetti* made up the opera, which concluded with a *Moresca*.

In comparing the dates of the two above-mentioned operas, one can not but be struck at the rapid progress that art made in the brief space of seven years. The *Euridice* of Peri was performed in 1600, and consisted only of recitatives, which the author endeavoured to assimilate to the Grecian and Roman tragedy. We need not examine to what extent he was successful; we have only to state the fact of the creation of *recitative*, and of the lyric drama consisting of that only. In 1607, Claudio Monteverde produced *Orfeo*, and the opera underwent an entire transformation. From that moment it was stripped of its monotony; melody crept in, and instrumentation followed. No doubt the airs, duets, trios, and choruses of Monteverde betrayed the infancy of art; but a trial was made, and a new road opened, which, entered by bolder genius, led from *Orfeo*, to *Don Giovanni*, *Fidelio*, the *Muette di Portici*, *Der Freischütz*, *William Tell*, and *Robert the Devil*—undeniable evidences of the power and genius of man.

NEWCASTLE.—On Wednesday, the members, subscribers and friends of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and nearly 400 ladies and gentlemen, assembled in the Music Hall, to present Dr. Iona, conductor of the society, with a testimonial, consisting of a *bâton*, silver cream jug, and sugar basin (manufactured by Messrs. Reid and Sons), together with a score copy of the oratorio of *Elijah*. On the *bâton*, and on the binding of the score, was the following inscription:—

“Presented by the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Sacred Harmonic Society to Dr. Iona, as a token of their gratitude to him as conductor, their admiration of his ability as a musician—urbanity as a gentleman—and his virtues as a man and fellow-citizen.”

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS BLANCHE CAPILL (Pupil of Louis Leo—Voice, Mezzo-Soprano), Professor of Music and Singing, 47, Alfred-street, River-terrace, Islington, where letters respecting pupils or engagements may be addressed.

MR. C. SALAMAN'S Two Lectures at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Thursday and Tuesday evenings, March the 15th and 27th. Mr. Salaman will perform some highly interesting compositions on the Ancient Virginals; Spinett; Handel's, and other Harpsichords. For both Lectures, 5s. and 4s. At Addison and Co.'s, 210, Regent-street, and 36, Baker-street.

HERR ERNST begs to announce that he has removed to No. 26, Park-lane, Piccadilly.

Miss BIRCH and **Miss ELIZA BIRCH** beg to announce they have removed their residence to 83, Baker-street, Portman-square, where they continue to give lessons in Singing, and hold Vocal Classes for Ladies' Part Singing once a-week.

MADAME MORTIER DE FONTAINE begs to inform her friends, pupils, and the public, that she has removed to 46, Connaught-terrace, Hyde-park.

MR. NEATE begs to announce that his book on Piano-forte fingering will be published at the end of the present month. Subscribers names will be received by the author, 2, Chapel-street, Portland Place, until the 14th instant. Price to subscribers 10s., and 15s. to non-subscribers.

Boosey & Sons' Announcements.

Published this Week.

SIX ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS.	Written and
Composed by CHARLES MACKAY.	
The Rose's errand	Song 2s.
Believe if you can	Song 2s.
Dudley Castle	Ballad 2s.
Oh, say fond heart	Song 2s.
When first my fancy	Song 2s.
The Fisherman and his Wife	Glee 2s.

CAMPANA, "The winds are hushed to rest," Barcarole, price 2s.

In the Press.

FOUR NEW ITALIAN SONGS, by GUILLANI.

CORINNE. Nocturne by BRISSAC.

HELOISE. Pensée by ANDRE.

SIX NEW DUETS FOR THE PIANO, by NORDMANN.

SIX NEW COMPOSITIONS FOR THE PIANO, by HOLMES.

TASTE AND EXPRESSION.—Fifty Melodious

Exercises for the Pianoforte by Richard Mulder, in three books, at the reduced rate of sixpence per sheet, 4s. each. "We can recommend this excellent work to all who are engaged in musical tuition and who have higher hopes for their pupils than to see them become mere voluble automatons."—*Atlas*. "Very cleverly written and capitally arranged; the subjects are melodious and winning, and will please the ear while they increase the knowledge and invigorate the wrist and fingers."—*Musical Transcript*. Ewer and Co., 390, Oxford-street.

I. and I. ERAT, Patent Harp Manufacturers, 23, Berners-street, Oxford-street, beg to inform the nobility, gentry, and the public, that they are now manufacturing a light and elegant small-sized **DOUBLE MOVEMENT HARP**, strongly recommended by the professional world, for the use of young ladies and those of delicate health the large harp being found much too heavy for general practice. A large assortment of harps and pianofortes for sale or hire on moderate terms. Harps and pianos taken in exchange. Repairs of all kinds executed. The suspension sounding board, as invented by I. and I. Erat for N. C. Bochsa; see his "First six weeks' instruction for the harp." Tunings attended to. Strings and every requisite always on hand.

LES CHANTEURS MONTAGNARDS FRANÇAIS, sous la direction de M. A. Roland, Maître de la Chapelle de S. E. Monseigneur le Cardinal Wiseman, chanteront à St. Marie, Chelsea, chaque Mardi et Jeudi pendant tout le Carême, à 5h., et ½ de l'après Midi, plusieurs morceaux de Musique Sacrée des grands Maîtres, à l'instar de la Chapelle Sixtine de Rome. Une quête se fera en faveur des pauvres de la paroisse de St. Marie, Chelsea, et chaque fois le Sermon, prêché par M. L'abbé Roux, sera suivi de la Bénédiction Solennelle du très Saint Sacrement.

SCARBOROUGH SPA SALOON PROMENADE.—

THE CLIFF BRIDGE COMPANY are prepared to receive tenders for the supply of an efficient Band for the ensuing season. The terms of the engagement may be had on application to the secretary, to whom sealed tenders must be sent on or before the 31st March instant.—By Order, ROBERT WARD, Secretary. Scarborough, March 6th, 1855.

BROADWOOD'S PIANOS.—Important Sale of Pianofortes by Broadwood, Collard, Marsh and Co., and other makers.—J. MARSH and Co., pianoforte manufacturers, giving up the London retail trade, and having disposed of the lease of their premises, 42, New Bond-street, are now offering for SALE the whole of their STOCK of new and second-hand INSTRUMENTS, among which are a number of Broadwood's cottage pianos, with full compass of keys, and equal to new, having been out on hire only a few months. The whole will be sold at extremely reduced prices, J. M. and Co., having to give up possession of their premises at Lady-day.—Ware-rooms, 42, New Bond-street. N.B. The manufactory will be carried on as before.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.—The words by LONGFELLOW. The music composed and sung by W. H. WELLS. Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street; and Messrs. Addison and Hollier, 210, Regent-street.

THE MUSICAL DIRECTORY FOR 1855.

CONTENTS:

1. An Almanack, with musical data.
2. A List of Musical Societies throughout the Kingdom.
3. The Musical Doings of the past year.
4. Complete List of Music published throughout the Kingdom between 1st of January and 31st December, 1854.
5. Names of Professors, Music-sellers, and Musical Instrument Manufacturers, throughout the Kingdom, with their Addresses, &c.

Rudall, Rose, Carte, and Co., 100, New Bond-street, and 20, Charing Cross.

MR. ALFRED MELLON respectfully announces that the First Grand Orchestral Union Concert will take place at St. Martin's Hall, on Monday Evening, (April 2nd. Vocalists, Madame Clara Novello and Herr Fornes. Soloist, M. Sainton (violinist to Her Majesty). Stalls 7s. 6d.; Reserved Seats 5s.; Galleries 2s. 6d.; Area 1s. Stalls and Reserved Seats to be had at Messrs. Cramer and Beale, 201, Regent-street. Gallery and Area Tickets at St. Martin's Hall.

MONS. ALEXANDER BILLET begs to announce that his Annual Series of Evening Performances of Classical Pianoforte Music, in illustration of all the great composers, will take place at St. Martin's Hall, on Fridays, March 23rd, 30th, and April 18th, to commence at eight o'clock precisely. Subscription Ticket to reserved seats for the series, One Guinea. May be had of Mons. Billet, 12, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square, and at St. Martin's Hall.

GRAND AMATEUR SOIRÉE MUSICALE.—

An Amateur Soirée Musicale will take place on Tuesday, the 20th March, at the Hanover-square Rooms, for the Relief of the Sick and Wounded at Scutari. The proceeds to be presented to Miss Nightingale. Tickets, 5s. each, or a family ticket to admit five, One Guinea. All letters and applications for tickets to be addressed to Miss Bevington, 45, Greek-street, Soho-square.

MR. WM. STERNDALE BENNETT respectfully announces that the FIRST of his ANNUAL SERIES of PERFORMANCES of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Tuesday Evening next, March 13; to commence at Half-past Eight. Vocalists, Madame Clara Novello. Instrumentalists, M. Sainton, Signor Zatti, Messrs. W. Sterndale Bennett, Dando, and Reynolds. Subscription for the three performances, one guinea; single tickets, 10s. 6d., to subscribers, 7s., to be had of Messrs. Leader and Cook, 65, New Bond-street. The remaining performances will take place on Tuesdays, April 3, May 1.

EXETER HALL.—Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness Prince Albert have been pleased to grant their especial patronage to the SECOND GRAND PERFORMANCE by the NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, on Wednesday, March 28th, for the benefit of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, when will be performed, among other works, Mendelssohn's Concerto for the Pianoforte, Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, and Selections from Horley's "Gonos," with chorus of 300 voices. Conductors—Dr. Wyldie. Stall tickets, one guinea; reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; to be had at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street; Messrs. Keith, Frowse, and Co., Cheap-side. Subscription, £2 2s.; west gallery, £1 1s. Persons now subscribing will receive an extra ticket, to make up the six admissions to which they will be entitled.

THE LONDON ORCHESTRA.—Conductor, Mr.

FRANK MORI; Leader, Mr. THIRLWALL. Including Messrs. Barrett, Lazarus, Baumann, Rémusat, Lovell Phillips, Prospero, Mount, Mann, Gioff, Zeiss, Tolbeque, Nadaud, Chipp, &c. For terms apply to Mr. A. Guest, 1, Kingston Russell-place, Oakley-square, Camden-town, or Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

EXETER HALL.—MR. GEORGE CASE begs respectfully to announce that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the above hall on Wednesday Evening, April 11. Engagements are pending with all the most distinguished vocal and instrumental performers. Further particulars will be duly announced.—28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square.

GOTHIC HARPS, Double-action, with every improvement on Erard's principle, warranted for any period, from 30 Guineas. H. Haarnack, Harp Maker, 35, Berners-street, Oxford-street. Harps repaired, re-decorated, strung, and regulated at moderate prices. N.B.—32 years experience in Harps.

IMPROVED SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP, by Mr.

MARTER, at the Writing Institution, 93, Farringdon-street, Fleet-street, City.—Persons of any age (however bad their writing) can, by taking Eight Lessons, speedily acquire an expeditious and well-formed style of Penmanship, adapted either to business, professional pursuits, or private correspondence, at 1s. 6d. per Lesson, or the Course of Eight Lessons for 10s. 6d. Arithmetic and Book-keeping practically taught in all its branches. Short-hand taught in a few lessons. Separate Rooms for Ladies. Prospectuses to be had at the Institution.

ALBINOL'S OINTMENT having been forwarded by the Army Medical Board to the Hospital at Scutari, the Proprietor of this invaluable discovery having been severely wounded, and cured with this ointment 48 years ago, at the battle of Jena, will present every soldier going to the seat of war with a box to dress his wounds or sores, as a token of sympathy for his sufferings.—Apply, 29, Marylebone-street, Regent-street.

In Pots, duty included, 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. On the 22nd November, I delivered eight large tin boxes, containing together 200lbs., to Dr. Andrew Smith, Director to the Army Medical Board, to send them to the Army in the Crimea.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS a sure remedy for Indigestion

Bile, and disordered Stomachs.—Mr. Patrick O'Brien, of Newtownards, had frequent attacks of bile and indigestion, particularly after indulging freely in the luxuries of the table. His appetite was good, but his digestion weak, which obliged him to have recourse to medicine as oft-changed as sold, for he seldom obtained more than temporary relief, relapsing again into the same unpleasantness. Holloway's Pills were recommended to him after all, and it is quite astonishing to see the benefit he has derived from them, as he can now eat indiscriminately, without fear of suffering from his former ailments.—Sold by all Vendors of Medicine, and at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 244, Strand, London; and 80, Maiden-lane, New York.

IL TROVATORE.—Complete edition, with Italian words, unabridged and in the original keys, price 21s. boards. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

IL TROVATORE.—Pianoforte adaptation by NORDMANN. Two books 2s. each, or complete price 4s. (Opera Journal) Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

IL TROVATORE.—"Stride la Vampa," song, new edition, price 1s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

IL TROVATORE.—"Di quella pira," song, new edition, price 1s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

IL TROVATORE.—"Ah si ben mio," song, new edition, price 1s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

IL TROVATORE.—"Deserto sulla terra," song, new edition, price 1s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

IL TROVATORE.—"Tacea la notte," song, new edition, price 1s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

IL TROVATORE.—"D'amor sull'alli rosée," song, new edition, price 1s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

IL TROVATORE.—"Il balen del suo sorriso," song, new edition, price 1s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

IL TROVATORE.—"Si la stanchezza," duettino, price 2s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

CHARLES VOSS.—"Luisa Miller," fantaisie brillante, price 4s. Copyright of Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

CHARLES VOSS.—"Linda di Chamouni," fantaisie brillante, price 4s. Copyright of Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

CHARLES VOSS.—"Rigoletto," fantaisie brillante, price 4s. Copyright of Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

G. A. OSBORNE'S LA DONNA È MOBILE, for the Pianoforte. Price 3s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

G. A. OSBORNE'S A TE O CARA, for the pianoforte, Price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

G. A. OSBORNE'S D'UN PENSIERO, for the Pianoforte. Price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

G. A. OSBORNE'S GOOD-NIGHT-FAREWELL, for the Pianoforte. Price 3s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

NORDMANN'S SULTAN'S MARCH, for the Pianoforte, from the original of Parish Alvars. Price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

NORDMANN'S DANSE DES FÉES, for the Pianoforte, from the original of Parish Alvars. Price 3s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

NORDMANN'S LA DONNA È MOBILE, for the Pianoforte. Third edition, 3s.; Duet, price 4s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

WALLACE'S FANTAISIE ON ERNANI. Price 3s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

MADAME OURY'S PARTANT POUR LA SYRIE, for the Pianoforte. Price 3s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

THE NUN'S PRAYER: song, by Oberthur. Second edition, price 2s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

THE NUN'S PRAYER, for the Pianoforte, by Nordmann. Third edition, price 3s. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

ANGELINE.—Nocturne. Composed by LI CALSI. Price 2s. 6d.—"This Nocturne breathes an elegant style of melody, and is about the best we have seen."—*Eliza Cook's Journal.* Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

GOLLMICK'S GERMAN VOLKSLIEDER, No. 1, Treue Liebe (True Love), transcribed for the pianoforte, price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

GOLLMICK'S GERMAN VOLKSLIEDER, No. 2, Wanderlied (Parting Song), transcribed for the pianoforte, price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

GOLLMICK'S GERMAN VOLKSLIEDER, No. 3, Liebe und Glück (Love and Happiness). Price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

GOLLMICK'S GERMAN VOLKSLIEDER, No. 4, Rhein weinlied (Rhine Song). Price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

GOLLMICK'S GERMAN VOLKSLIEDER, No. 5, Aennchen von Tharau (Serenade). Price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

GOLLMICK'S GERMAN VOLKSLIEDER, No. 6, Der gute Kamerad (The Faithful Friend). Price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

THE CONCERTINA MISCELLANY for March contains a selection from Lucia di Lammermoor, for concertina Solo by George Case. Price 2s. 6d. Subscription 21s. per annum. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

ITALIAN VIOLIN STRINGS.—Messrs. BOOSEY AND SONS beg to inform the amateurs and professors of the above instrument, that they constantly receive consignments of the best Italian Strings from the first makers in Padua and Naples. The prices per bundle, &c., may be had at 28, Holles-street.

"EXCELSIOR!"—This beautiful poem, by LONGFELLOW, has attracted the attention of all lovers of poetry. A very general desire having been expressed by MUSICAL PROFESSORS and CONNOISSEURS for a classical musical rendering of this charming effusion of the AMERICAN POET, MESSRS. BOOSEY AND SONS have just issued a composition, which they trust will fully meet such a desire. Order expressly, MESSRS. BOOSEY AND SONS' "EXCELSIOR." "Musical Library" 28, Holles-street, Oxford-street.

"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME" (Chimes of England), arranged by W. H. HOLMES in a brilliant and pleasing manner for the Pianoforte, price 3s. Also, by the same arranger, "The Lass o' Gowrie" (Border Strains), price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

NOVELLO'S OCTAVO CHORUSES.—J. Alfred Novello has now printed all the Choruses from the Octavo Edition of the Oratorios, at 14d., 3d., 4d., or 6d. Every chorus may thus be had distinct, in vocal score, with organ accompaniment, for a few pence. Lists gratis. London, J. A. Novello, 69, Dean-street, Soho, and 24, Poultry.

MENDELSSOHN'S WORKS.—Ewer & Co beg to announce that they are publishing a complete and uniform edition of Mendelssohn's compositions in their best possible style and at their reduced rate of Sixpence per sheet. Just ready, Mendelssohn's 13 two-part songs in stiff cover, gilt edges, 3s. Mendelssohn's 42 Lieder ohne Worte, elegantly bound with thematic index and author's portrait, 15s. Catalogues gratis on application. Ewer and Co., 390, Oxford-street.

MY IDOL HOME.—New Song by FRANCESCO BERGER. "The most successful song lately published. It was expressly composed for Miss Stabbsch, and the rapturous encores obtained for it by her abundantly testify its excellence. Price 1s., at the reduced rate of sixpence per sheet by J. J. Ewer and Co., 390, Oxford-street.

REINAGLE CAROLINE.—Sonata for Pianoforte, price 8s. CRAMER BEALE AND CO.

REINAGLE.—A FEW WORDS ON PIANOFORTE PLAYING, with rules for fingering some passages of frequent occurrence, addressed to her Pupils by CAROLINE REINAGLE, (36 pages) 1s. 6d. Novello, London.—In Oxford, at Russell's and at Houghton's Music Shops.

THE ROYAL MIDLOTHIAN YEOMANRY CAVALRY GALOP, dedicated to the Right Hon. Lady Aberdour, by the composer of the Queen's Polka. Beautifully illustrated in colours. London, Chappell, New Bond-street. Edinburgh, Paterson and Sons.

MUSICAL WINTER EVENINGS, Thursday, March 15. Quartet, Spohr; Piano Quartet, F minor, Mendelssohn; Quintet, E flat, Mozart; Melodies, Violin and Piano. Artists—Molique, Goffie, Hill, Piatti, and Lindsay Sloper. Family Tickets, One Guinea; single Admissions, Half-a-Guinea, Cramer's, Chappell's, and Olivier's.—J. ELLA, Director.

DAY OF HUMILIATION.—CALLCOTTS popular ANTHEM: "Give peace in our time, O Lord," now a standard work at the cathedrals, &c., is well suited for the day of public humiliation. Leader and Cook, 68, New Bond-street. Post free, solo 1s. 6d., four voices 2s.

SIX ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS.

THE POETRY AND MUSIC

BY

CHARLES MACKAY.

PRICE 2s. EACH.

WHEN FIRST MY FANCY CEASED TO ROAM.

When first my fancy ceas'd to roam
 'Twas thou that fix'd it, wild before,
 Thine artless smiles allured it home,
 And bade the truant stray no more.
 'Twas Beauty's bondage o'er me cast
 The charm that speaks in silent eyes,
 Outshining all the misty past
 With hues of present Paradise.
 The wavelet dazzled by a star
 Lies lonely 'mid the restless sea,
 But I;—a wavelet happier far—
 The star itself came down to me.
 Oh blest was I above my thought,
 Beyond expression's warmest bound,
 'Twas earthly beauty that I sought,
 'Twas heavenly goodness that I found.

BELIEVE IF YOU CAN.

Hope cannot cheat us, or fortune betray;
 Tempests ne'er scatter the blossoms of May;
 The wild winds are constant by rule and by plan,
 Oh! believe me, believe me, believe if you can!
 Young Love, who shows us his midsummer light,
 Spreads the same halo o'er Winter's dark night;
 And Fame never dazzles to lure and to span;
 Oh! believe me, believe me, believe if you can!
 Friends of the sunshine endure in the storm;
 Never they promise and fail to perform;
 And the night ever ends as the morning began;
 Oh! believe me, believe me, believe if you can!
 Words softly spoken no guile ever bore;
 Peaches ne'er harbour a wasp at the core;
 And the ground never slipp'd under high-reaching man;
 Oh! believe me, believe me, believe if you can!
 Seas undecentful calm smiling at morn,
 Wreck not ere midnight the sailor forlorn;
 And gold makes a bridge ev'ry evil to span,
 Oh! believe me, believe me, believe if you can!

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE.

What joy attends the fisher's life!
 Blow, winds, blow!
 The fisher and his faithful wife.
 Row, boys, row.
 He drives no plough on stubborn land,
 His fields are ready to his hand;
 No nipping frosts his orchards fear,
 He has his autumn all the year,
 Yeo! heave! ho!
 The husbandman has rent to pay!
 Blow, winds, blow!
 And seed to purchase ev'ry day,
 Row, boys, row!
 But he who farms the rolling deeps,
 Though never sowing, always reaps;
 The ocean fields are fair and free,
 There are no rent days on the sea.
 Yeo! heave! ho!

Then joy attend the fisher's life!
 Blow, winds, blow!
 The fisher and his faithful wife!
 Row, boys, row!
 May fav'ring breezes fill his sail,
 His teeming harvest never fail,
 And from his cottage on the strand
 Come forth defenders of our land!
 Yeo! heave! ho!

DUDLEY CASTLE.

From Dudley's halls the lights are glancing,
 Far seen across the moorland dim,
 In Dudley's halls their lord is dancing,
 And fair young lips have smiles for him.
 And he lies slain I vow'd to cherish,
 By Dudley's hand the shaft was thrown,
 And I forlorn am left to perish,
 Heart-broken, widow'd, and alone.
 Smile, Dudley, smile, thy revels keeping,
 Make bright with joy thy lordly tower;
 Mine eyes are dim with hopeless weeping,
 But mis'ry gives prophetic power.
 Down, down shall fall thy turrets hoary!
 Red ruin lights the sultry air;
 And down shall fall thy name and glory,
 Low as thy shame, and my despair.

OH, SAY FOND HEART.

Oh say, fond heart, if wisdom sighs
 To banish sorrow from its sphere,
 The starry midnight from its skies,
 And wholesome winter from the year?
 Oh no, fond heart! 'tis Folly seeks
 Incessant noon and summer bow'rs;
 The tears we kiss from Beauty's cheeks
 Are Heav'n's own dew-drops on the flow'rs.
 And how, fond heart, could Love display
 Its deeper feelings, strong and pure,
 If constant pleasure track'd its way,
 And it had nothing to endure?
 Oh cease, fond heart, the selfish pray'r,
 Take day and night, with all they bring;
 'Tis storms that purify the air;
 'Tis winter spreads the couch of spring.

THE ROSE'S ERRAND.

I sent a message by the rose
 That words could not convey;
 Sweet vows I never dar'd to breathe,
 And wishes pure as they;
 A mute but tell-tale messenger,
 It could not do me wrong;
 It told the passion I conceal'd
 And hopes I cherish'd long.
 My love receiv'd it with a smile,
 She read its thought and sigh'd,
 Then plac'd it on her happy breast,
 And wore it till it died.
 Immortal Rose! it could not die;
 The spirit which it bore,
 Lives in her heart, as first in mine,
 A joy for evermore.

BOOSEY & SONS, 28, Holles Street.

Published by JOHN BOOSEY, of 27, Notting Hill Square, in the parish of Kensington, at the office of BOOSEY & SONS, 28, Holles-street. Sold also by REED, 15, John-street, Great Portland-street; ALLEN, Warwick-lane; VICKERS, Holywell-street; KEITH, PROWSE, and Co., 48, Cheapside; G. SCHEURMANN, 86, Newgate-street; HARRY MAY, 11, Holborn-via. Agents for Scotland, PATTERSON AND SONS, Edinburgh; for Ireland, H. BUSSELL, Dublin; and all Music-sellers.
 Printed by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's Lane, in the Parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex.